KING HENRY THE FOURTH

PART II

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

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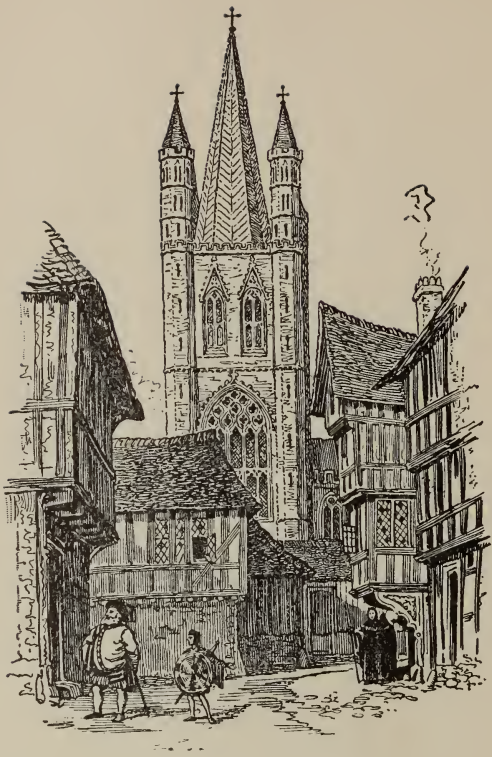

STREET IN LONDON

SHAKESPEARE'S

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HISTORY OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

PART II

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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HENRY IV. PART II.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS play, first edited by me in 1880, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as *The Merchant of Venice* and the other plays that have preceded it in the new series.

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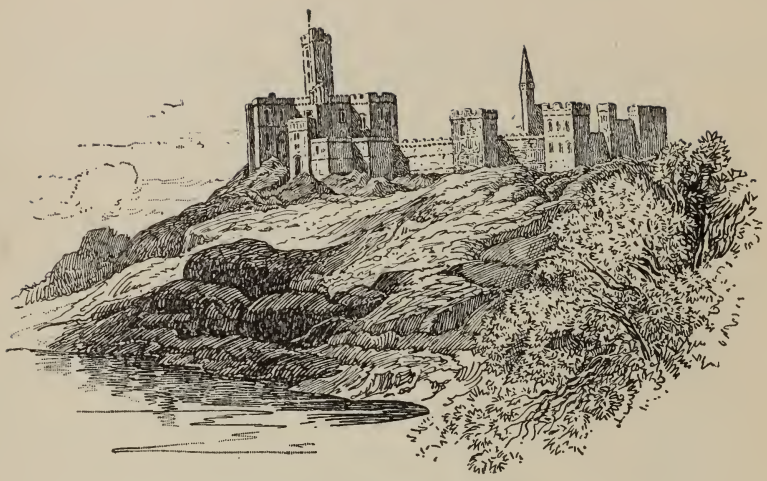


WARKWORTH CASTLE

HENRY IV

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

IT is almost certain that 2 *Henry IV* was written immediately after 1 *Henry IV*, and before the entry of the latter on the Stationers' Registers, February 25, 1598;[1] for that entry shows that the name of Oldcastle, originally given to the fat knight in both plays, had already been changed to Falstaff. It was certainly written before Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was acted in 1599; for in that play Justice Silence is alluded to by name.

The earliest edition of the play was a quarto printed

[1] As the year did not then end until March 25, the date "February 25, 1597," on the Registers was of course February 25, 1598.

in 1600; and in this the prefix "*Old.*" was accidentally retained before one of the speeches of Falstaff (i. 2. 113): "Very well, my lord, very well," etc. In some copies of the quarto the first scene of act iii is wanting. The error seems to have been discovered after part of the edition had been printed, and was rectified by inserting two new leaves. For these the type of some of the preceding and following leaves was used, so that there are two different impressions of the latter part of act ii and the beginning of iii. 2.

No other edition of the play appears to have been issued before the publication of the folio of 1623, in which it was probably printed either from a transcript of the original manuscript, or from a complete copy of the quarto collated with such a transcript. "It contains passages of considerable length which are not found in the quarto. Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions inserted by the author after the publication of the quarto. In the manuscript from which that edition was printed, these passages had been most likely omitted, or erased, in order to shorten the play for the stage." On the other hand, the quarto contains several passages which do not appear in the folio. Some of these were probably struck out by the author, and others by the Master of the Revels.

The play is inferior to 1 *Henry IV* in dramatic interest, and long ago disappeared from the stage. Furnivall remarks: "All continuations do fall off, and this is no

exception to the rule. How are Hotspur and the first impressions of Falstaff to be equalled? Even Shallow cannot make up for them. There 's a quieter tone, too, in this *Part II*, though the rhetorical speeches are still kept up by Northumberland and Mowbray. The King leads, not at the head of his army, but in his quiet progress to the grave." Verplanck, however, as will be seen below, does not entirely agree with this estimate of the play.

The Sources of the Plot

As in 1 *Henry IV*, Shakespeare took the main incidents of his plot from Holinshed's *Chronicles* and from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*. The history of Henry is here continued from the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403, to his death and the accession of Henry V in March, 1413.

General Comments on the Play

Verplanck remarks :[1] " The play having been written, as the external and internal evidence concur in showing, not very long after the first part, when the author's mind was filled with the characters, story, and the spirit of that, the

[1] From *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847). Here, as in the introduction to 1 *Henry IV*, I make an exception to my rule in this revised edition of omitting the extended comments from other authors quoted in the former edition, because Verplanck's edition, having been destroyed by fire a few years after publication, is out of print and not to be found in most of the libraries. It was the first thoroughly annotated American edition of Shakespeare, and is still one of the best, whether American or English.

two together have the unity of a single drama. It is, however, inferior to its predecessor as a work of dramatic art, though, in my judgment, not at all so as a work of genius. It is not so perfect as the other as an historical tragi-comedy, as on its tragic side it has a less vivid and sustained interest, and approaches in those scenes more to the dramatized chronicle ; in fact, adhering much more rigidly to historical authority, and deviating from it very little except in compressing into connected continuous actions events really separated by years. Its nobler characters have much less of chivalric and romantic splendour, and its action less of stage interest and effect, and its poetry far less of kindling and exciting fervour. On this account it has long disappeared as a whole from the stage ; but portions of it are familiar even to those whose knowledge of Shakespeare is acquired only from the stage, having been interwoven by Cibber, or some other manufacturer of the 'acted drama,' into the action of *Richard III.* Other portions, like the King's invocation to sleep, the Archbishop's meditation on the instability of popular favour, Lady Percy's lament for Hotspur, and the last scene between the Prince and his father, have sunk deep into thousands of hearts, and live in the general memory. Nor is the entire graver dialogue unworthy of these gems with which it is studded ; for it is throughout rich in thought, noble and impressive in style, and the characters it presents are drawn, if not with the same bold freedom and pointed invention as in the first part, yet with undiminished truth and discrimination.

"But on the comic side of the play there is no flagging either of spirit or invention. On the contrary, the humour, if perhaps less lively and sparkling, is still more rich and copious. It overflows on all sides. The return of a character of comic invention in a second part is a hard test of originality and fertility, which even Don Quixote and Gil Blas did not stand without some loss of the charm of our first acquaintance with them. Falstaff's humour, as well that which he exhibits in his character as that which he utters, is more copious, more luxuriously mirthful, and — if the phrase may be allowed — more unctuous than ever. Those of his companions, whose acquaintance we made in the first part, lose nothing of their droll effect; and our new acquaintances, Shallow, Slender, etc., are still more amusing. The scenes in which these last figure give us a delightful peep into the habits of the rural gentry of old England, and, as mere history, are worth volumes of antiquarian research.

"Both parts of this drama, as well as its prelude, *Richard II*, and its sequel, *Henry V*, present a continuous historical chain of revolutions, wars, conspiracies, and rebellions. Every incident is connected with some great political movement. Nothing can be more picturesque, more lifelike, than the manner in which these are put into action, or more like the very reality of such things, than the ruminations, motives, conferences, counsels, and contests of the princes and chiefs and their followers. Nor does the poet allow our minds to rest on the mere external shows of the hurried and crowded

scene. He is earnest and abundant in wise moral teaching. The instability of all moral greatness and the emptiness of human pomp and power — the dread responsibility of that power — the base ingratitude of the great, and the fickleness of the masses — the independence of conscious rectitude, — all these, and other topics, are enforced in verses that have made them the lessons of youthful instruction and household morality wherever the language is spoken. Yet it is very observable that, though the facts and scenes from which these ethical teachings arise are all in some sort political, or connected with public transactions, the speculation or admonition is always of a personal nature, the philosophy ethical, not political, without any thing of those larger views of society as an organized whole, or of the conflicts of political principles, which may be found in the Roman dramas and elsewhere; as, for example, in the eloquent didactic dialogue of the strangely blended *Troilus and Cressida*.

"This difference must be ascribed, I think, chiefly to the different periods at which these plays were severally produced — a circumstance which critics often overlook in their speculations upon Shakespeare's opinions, as well as in those upon his taste, style, and knowledge. The plays last referred to[1] were written some time after the accession of James I, when the great parliamentary and

[1] With the exception of *Julius Cæsar*, which, since Verplanck wrote, has been proved to have been written before 1601, and probably as early as 1599.

national struggle against the crown first commenced — when the royal authority and the rights of the people, in the republican sense of the term, began to be brought into collision — when the very principles of government were openly canvassed; when all those elements of the great approaching conflict of radically differing political opinions were fermenting in the public mind, and already entering into the popular elections. Although parties had not yet become finally arrayed in the distinct manner they became in the next reign, this state of things could not but familiarize the mind of a thinking man, however aloof from active participation in party, to general political reflection, and to make literary and poetical references to such topics, or exhibitions of such scenes, more acceptable to the public taste. Hence we find in those later dramas that the author looks more distinctly upon man as a member of a state, upon the various forms of civil polity, and upon the conflicts of party and revolutions of government, as influenced by political opinion. The English historical dramas, except the last one of the series, *Henry VIII*, were all written under the stern and steady rule of Elizabeth, and the author, still young, had grown up in a state of society where the only question of principle which had, during the memory of that generation or their fathers, divided the nation was that of religious difference; their only other notion of political party being that of the conflicts of rival houses, or of personal ambition. It is probably fortunate, not less for the spirited accuracy of historic delineations in these dramas

than for their dramatic and poetic effect, that this was the case.

"Even when the insurrections, revolutions, and contests under the Plantagenets really involved or affected the principles of freedom, and the substantial permanent rights and happiness of the subject, they did not (unless so far as the acquisition of Magna Charta and the subsequent appeals to it may be exceptions) take that form; but were struggles for immediate and practical objects, the redress of pressing grievances, the defence of chartered rights, or the overthrow of an oppressor. The divisions and dissensions, which, like the Wars of the Roses, deluged England with blood, had nothing in view beyond a change of rulers or of dynasty, neither attaining nor looking to, in the result, any object of a truly public nature, and leaving nothing to the faithful chronicler to record but (as old Hall says) 'what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered.'

"Into all these conflicts, calling forth high energies and exhibiting stirring scenes and a crowd of majestic personages, the young dramatist entered with the very spirit and sympathies of the times, naturally assimilating his mind to that of the men of those days, and thus painting them and their deeds as they showed to their own generation, not as they now appear to the philosophical student of history. Thus he vehemently asserts, in the person of Richard II and his adherents, the indefeasible, hereditary right of kings; but shortly after makes the

successful usurper, Bolingbroke, equally ready to rebuke rebellion and 'hurly-burly innovation,' without troubling himself to discuss the truth of the doctrine, or the propriety of its application, in the mouth of either. His business was with the passions and actions of men, not with the principles of government; and the Wars of the Roses were more graphically and vividly described in the absence of any wish or design, however indirect or remote, to inculcate political opinion or political philosophy, of any sort or colour."

KING HENRY IV

PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

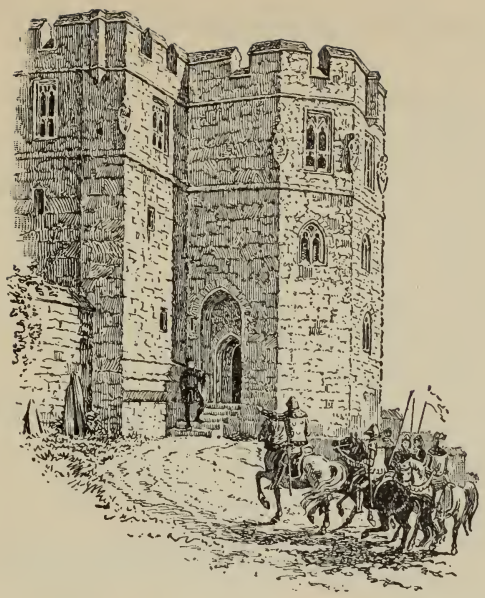
RUMOUR, the Presenter.
KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloucester,
} his sons.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLEVILE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO.
SHALLOW, SILENCE, } country justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, recruits.
FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE: *England.*



ENTRANCE TOWER OF WARKWORTH CASTLE

INDUCTION

Warkworth. Before the Castle

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues*

Rumour. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity

Under the smile of safety wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief.
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. — But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news

Than they have learn'd of me ; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

ACT I

Scene I. *The Same*

Enter Lord Bardolph

Lord Bardolph. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—

The Porter *opens the gate*

Where is the earl?

Porter. What shall I say you are?

Lord Bardolph. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Porter. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard ;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland

Lord Bardolph. Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter.*

Northumberland. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

Lord Bardolph. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Northumberland. Good, an God will!

Lord Bardolph. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

Northumberland. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Lord Bardolph. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

Northumberland. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS

Lord Bardolph. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Northumberland. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Travers. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings and, being better hors'd,
Outrode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
Northumberland. Ha! — Again.
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?
Lord Bardolph. My lord, I 'll tell you what,
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony; never talk of it.
Northumberland. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss?
Lord Bardolph. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton

Northumberland. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Morton. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

Northumberland. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woebegone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus,
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Morton. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son, —

Northumberland. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Morton. You are too great to be by me gainsaid;
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
Northumberland. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead. —
I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so.
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
Lord Bardolph. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Morton. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops,
For from his metal was his party steel'd,
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead;
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Northumberland. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic, and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me well;
And as the wretch whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with irons; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Travers. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Lord Bardolph. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Morton. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd.
Yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Lord Bardolph. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought our life 't was ten to one,
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Morton. 'T is more than time, and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers; he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight,

For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion.
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He 's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

Northumberland. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. A Street*

Enter Falstaff, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler*

Falstaff. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Falstaff. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, 't is not a hair amiss yet; he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six-pence out of it, and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Falstaff. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Falstaff. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice *and* Servant

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Falstaff. Wait close; I will not see him.

Chief-Justice. What 's he that goes there?

Servant. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Chief-Justice. He that was in question for the robbery?

Servant. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Chief-Justice. What, to York? Call him back again.

Servant. Sir John Falstaff!

Falstaff. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Chief-Justice. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Servant. Sir John!

Falstaff. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Servant. You mistake me, sir.

Falstaff. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Servant. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Falstaff. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!

Servant. Sir, my lord would speak with you. 93

Chief-Justice. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Falstaff. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health. 102

Chief-Justice. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Falstaff. An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Chief-Justice. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

Falstaff. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy. 110

Chief-Justice. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Falstaff. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Chief-Justice. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Falstaff. It hath it original from much grief, from

study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Chief-Justice. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Falstaff. Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Chief-Justice. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your physician.

Falstaff. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Chief-Justice. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Falstaff. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Chief-Justice. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Falstaff. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Chief-Justice. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falstaff. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Chief-Justice. You have misled the youthful prince.

Falstaff. The young prince hath misled me; I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Chief-Justice. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill; you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Falstaff. My lord?

Chief-Justice. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Falstaff. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Chief-Justice. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Falstaff. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow; if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Chief-Justice. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Falstaff. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Chief-Justice. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Falstaff. Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that

are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Chief-Justice. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Falstaff. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not; the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Chief-Justice. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Falstaff. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Chief-Justice. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry; I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Falstaff. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is; I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Chief-Justice. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Falstaff. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Chief-Justice. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well; commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*

Falstaff. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.

A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery. — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Falstaff. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Falstaff. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. — [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! 'T is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *York. The Archbishop's Palace*

Enter the Archbishop, *the* Lords Hastings, Mowbray, *and* Bardolph

Archbishop. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes. —
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowbray. I well allow the occasion of our arms,

But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hastings. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Lord Bardolph. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus, —
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hastings. With him, we may.

Lord Bardolph. Yea, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand,
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Archbishop. 'T is very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Lord Bardolph. It was, my lord, — who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hastings. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
Lord Bardolph. Yes, in this present quality of war.
Indeed the instant action — a cause on foot —
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.
Hastings. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be stillborn, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
Lord Bardolph. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?
Hastings. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Archbishop. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.
Hastings. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.
Lord Bardolph. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hastings. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Archbishop. Let us on
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. —
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.
Mowbray. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?
Hastings. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

A Street in London

ACT II

Scene I. *London. A Street*

Enter Hostess, Fang *and his* Boy *with her, and* Snare *following*

Hostess. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Hostess. Where 's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Hostess. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Hostess. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Hostess. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostess. No, nor I neither; I 'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once, an a' come but within my vice, —

Hostess. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare, let him not scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have

been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices; Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, *and* Bardolph

Falstaff. How now! whose mare 's dead? what 's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Falstaff. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph! cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Hostess. Throw me in the channel! I 'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murther, murther! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falstaff. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hostess. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou woo't, woo't thou? thou woo't, woo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Falstaff. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I 'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, *and his men*

Chief-Justice. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hostess. Good, my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Chief-Justice. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York. —
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

Hostess. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief-Justice. For what sum?

Hostess. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, — but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Chief-Justice. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Falstaff. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in

Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Falstaff. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Chief-Justice. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Hostess. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Chief-Justice. Pray thee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Falstaff. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Chief-Justice. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Falstaff. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER

Chief-Justice. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand; the rest the paper tells.

Falstaff. As I am a gentleman.

Hostess. Faith, you said so before.

Falstaff. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Hostess. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Falstaff. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were not for thy humours, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hostess. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Falstaff. Let it alone, I 'll make other shift; you 'll be a fool still.

Hostess. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

Falstaff. Will I live? — [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hostess. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Falstaff. No more words; let 's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*

Chief-Justice. I have heard better news.

Falstaff. What 's the news, my lord?

Chief-Justice. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Falstaff. I hope, my lord, all 's well; what is the news, my lord?

Chief-Justice. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Falstaff. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Chief-Justice. You shall have letters of me presently.— Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Falstaff. My lord!

Chief-Justice. What 's the matter?

Falstaff. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Chief-Justice. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Falstaff. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Chief-Justice. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Falstaff. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.— This is the right fencing grace, my lord,— tap for tap, and so part fair.

Chief-Justice. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. Another Street*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many

good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency; let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine; every man would think me an

hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. — By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff; he had him from me Christian, and look if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bardolph. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph?

Bardolph. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become!

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bardolph. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation. — There 't is, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve them.

Bardolph. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bardolph. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bardolph. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads] '*John Falstaff, knight,*' — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There 's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is

as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Poins. [Reads] '*Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*' — Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [Reads] '*I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity;*' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. '*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.*

> '*Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,* JACK FALSTAFF *with my familiars,* JOHN *with my brothers and sisters, and* SIR JOHN *with all Europe.*'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bardolph. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 141

Bardolph. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 150

Prince. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph, — no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There 's for your silence.

Bardolph. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. — [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 162

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Warkworth. Before the Castle*

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, *and* Lady Percy

Northumberland. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady Northumberland. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

Northumberland. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Percy. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word
When you were more endear'd to it than now,
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts; he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant,
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him; so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible; so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone.
The marshal and the archbishop are strong;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

Northumberland. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,

Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.
Lady Northumberland. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven
For recordation to my noble husband.
Northumberland. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back. —
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter two* Drawers

1 *Drawer.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 *Drawer.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Drawer.* Why, then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise. Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

2 *Drawer.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it; Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Drawer.* By the mass, here will be old utis; it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Drawer.* I 'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* Doll Tearsheet

Hostess. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What 's this?' — How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was; hem!

Hostess. Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF

Falstaff. [Singing] '*When Arthur first in court — And was a worthy king.*' — [*Exit* 1 *Drawer.*] — How now, Mistress Doll!

Hostess. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Falstaff. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Falstaff. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Hostess. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you; you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack; thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter 1 Drawer

1 *Drawer.* Sir, Ancient Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in England.

Hostess. If he swagger, let him not come here.

No, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours, I 'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here. I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now. — Shut the door, I pray you.

Falstaff. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Hostess. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Falstaff. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hostess. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day; and, as he said to me — 't was no longer ago than Wednesday last — 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he — Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then — 'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name.' Now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive; receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here; — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I 'll no swaggerers.

Falstaff. He 's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He 'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer. [*Exit* 1 *Drawer.*

Hostess. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no hon-

est man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggering, by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says swagger. — Feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Hostess. Do I ! yea, in very truth, do I, an 't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page

Pistol. God save you, Sir John !

Falstaff. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack ; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pistol. I will discharge her, Sir John.

Falstaff. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

Hostess. Come, I 'll drink no proofs ; I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pistol. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me ! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for your master.

Pistol. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal ! you filthy bung, away ! by this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler,

you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pistol. God let me not live but I will murther your ruff for this.

Falstaff. No more, Pistol, I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hostess. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word captain odious; therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bardolph. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Falstaff. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pistol. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her; I 'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pistol. I 'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Hostess. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pistol. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hostess. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bardolph. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pistol. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Hostess. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pistol. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give 's some sack.
Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire.
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are etceteras nothing?

Falstaff. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pistol. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pistol. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Falstaff. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling; nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bardolph. Come, get you down stairs.

Pistol. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? — [*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Hostess. Here 's goodly stuff toward!

Falstaff. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Falstaff. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Hostess. Here 's a goodly tumult! I 'll forswear keeping house, afore I 'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal 's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Hostess. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph

Falstaff. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bardolph. Yea, sir. The rascal 's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Falstaff. A rascal ! to brave me !

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest ! come, let me wipe thy face ; come on, you whoreson chops. — Ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee ; thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain !

Falstaff. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Enter Music

Page. The music is come, sir.

Falstaff. Let them play. — Play, sirs. — A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting and foining, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry *and* Poins, *disguised*

Falstaff. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's-head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour 's the prince of?

Falstaff. A good shallow young fellow ; a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit.

Falstaff. He a good wit? hang him, baboon ! his

wit 's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Falstaff. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him, for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Falstaff. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Falstaff. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Falstaff. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Falstaff. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; thou shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song, come! it grows late. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Falstaff. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

Falstaff. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? — And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Falstaff. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hostess. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Falstaff. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Doll. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Hostess. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Falstaff. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Falstaff. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Falstaff. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Falstaff. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Falstaff. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none:—no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cow-

ardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Falstaff. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Falstaff. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Hostess. No, I warrant you.

Falstaff. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hostess. All victuallers do so; what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman, —

Doll. What says your grace?

Falstaff. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Hostess. Who knocks so loud at door? — Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. — [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door! —

Re-enter BARDOLPH

How now! what 's the matter?

Bardolph. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Falstaff. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserved may sleep when the man of action is called

on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Falstaff. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Hostess. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

Bardolph. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Hostess. What 's the matter?

Bardolph. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Hostess. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll; come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll?

[*Exeunt.*

FALSTAFF AND HIS RECRUITS

ACT III

SCENE I. *Westminster. The Palace*

Enter the KING *in his nightgown, with a* Page

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed. —
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY

Warwick. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

Warwick. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

Warwick. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

Warwick. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God ! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'T is not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars ; it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by —

You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember — [*To Warwick.*]
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;' —
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption;' — so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

Warwick. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;

And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
Warwick. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. — Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
King. I will take your counsel;
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's House*

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting;* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, *and Servants with them*

Shallow. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Silence. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shallow. And how doth my cousin, your bed-

fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silence. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shallow. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Silence. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shallow. He must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Silence. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shallow. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Stafford-shire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Silence. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shallow. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high; and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Silence. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. — How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Silence. By my troth, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet?

Silence. Dead, sir.

Shallow. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot; John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Silence. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead?

Silence. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him*

Bardolph. Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shallow. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bardolph. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shallow. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a

good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bardolph. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shallow. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it; good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of accommodo; very good, a good phrase.

Bardolph. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Shallow. It is very just. —

Enter FALSTAFF

Look, here comes good Sir John. — Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well; welcome, good Sir John.

Falstaff. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. — Master Surecard, as I think?

Shallow. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Falstaff. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Silence. Your good worship is welcome.

Falstaff. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. — Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shallow. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Falstaff. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shallow. Where 's the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. — Ralph Mouldy! — Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy! 101

Mouldy. Here, an 't please you.

Shallow. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Falstaff. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mouldy. Yea, an 't please you.

Falstaff. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shallow. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use; very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said. 110

Falstaff. Prick him.

Mouldy. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Falstaff. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mouldy. Spent!

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside; know you where you are? — For the other, Sir John; let me see. — Simon Shadow!

Falstaff. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under; he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shallow. Where 's Shadow?

Shadow. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shadow. My mother's son, sir.

Falstaff. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shallow. Do you like him, Sir John?

Falstaff. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shallow. Thomas Wart!

Falstaff. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Falstaff. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shallow. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Falstaff. It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shallow. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir, you can do it; I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Falstaff. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shallow. Shall I prick him, sir?

Falstaff. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'd ha' pricked you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Falstaff. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Falstaff. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. — I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands; let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Falstaff. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

Shallow. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Falstaff. Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

Bullcalf. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bullcalf. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Falstaff. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bullcalf. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Falstaff. What disease hast thou?

Bullcalf. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Falstaff. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shallow. Here is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Falstaff. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shallow. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Falstaff. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shallow. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Falstaff. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shallow. She never could away with me.

Falstaff. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shallow. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. Doth she hold her own well?

Falstaff. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shallow. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old; certain she 's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Silence. That 's fifty-five year ago.

Shallow. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Falstaff. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shallow. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was 'Hem, boys!' — Come, let 's to dinner; come, let 's to dinner. — Jesu, the days that we have seen! — Come, come. [*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

Bullcalf. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here 's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bardolph. Go to; stand aside.

Mouldy. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody

to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bardolph. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I 'll ne'er bear a base mind; an 't be my destiny, so; an 't be not, so. No man is too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bardolph. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF *and the* Justices

Falstaff. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shallow. Four of which you please.

Bardolph. Sir, a word with you. — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Falstaff. Go to; well.

Shallow. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Falstaff. Do you choose for me.

Shallow. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falstaff. Mouldy and Bullcalf. — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; — and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shallow. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong;

they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Falstaff. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. — Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is; a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. — And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bardolph. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Falstaff. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. — Well said, i' faith, Wart, thou 'rt a good scab; hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shallow. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, — there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in; 'rah,

tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come. — I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Falstaff. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. — Farewell, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shallow. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Falstaff. Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shallow. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Falstaff. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] — On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits,* &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices; I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically

carved upon it with a knife. A' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible; a' was the very genius of famine. A' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I 'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

GAULTREE FOREST

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others*

Archbishop. What is this forest call'd?

Hastings. 'T is Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Archbishop. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hastings. We have sent forth already.

Archbishop. 'T is well done. —
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbray. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger

Hastings. Now, what news?

Messenger. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Archbishop. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland

Mowbray. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Archbishop. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
Westmoreland. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary, —
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. — You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
Archbishop. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it, of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men,
But rather show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly:
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion,
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When times shall serve, to show in articles
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,

Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
Westmoreland. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Archbishop. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
Westmoreland. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbray. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
Westmoreland. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mowbray. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him;
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,—
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

Westmoreland. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.

Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowbray. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
Westmoreland. Mowbray, you overween to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear,
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
Mowbray. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
Westmoreland. That argues but the shame of your offence;
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hastings. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
Westmoreland. That is intended in the general's name;
I muse you make so slight a question.

Archbishop. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Westmoreland. This will I show the general. — Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet,
And either end in peace — which God so frame! —
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Archbishop. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*

Mowbray. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hastings. Fear you not that; if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbray. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Archbishop. No, no, my lord. Note this: the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances,
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend;
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hastings. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Archbishop. 'T is very true;

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal, 220
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mowbray. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Westmoreland. The prince is here at hand; pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowbray. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.
Archbishop. Before, and greet his grace; my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side,* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER *and* WESTMORELAND; Officers, *and others with them*

Lancaster. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray. —
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all. —
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,

Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities, of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Archbishop. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowbray. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hastings. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt.
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lancaster. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Westmoreland. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lancaster. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority. —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,

As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Archbishop. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lancaster. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hastings. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*

Archbishop. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Archbishop. I do not doubt you.

Westmoreland. I am glad of it. —
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowbray. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Archbishop. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Westmoreland. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, — some good thing comes to-morrow.

Archbishop. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowbray. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

Lancaster. The word of peace is render'd; hark, how they shout!

Mowbray. This had been cheerful after victory.

Archbishop. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued
And neither party loser.

Lancaster. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Archbishop. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

Lancaster. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together. —

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

Westmoreland. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lancaster. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS

Hastings. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
Westmoreland. Good things, my Lord Hastings, for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason; —
And you, lord archbishop, — and you, Lord Mowbray, —
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowbray. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
Westmoreland. Is your assembly so?
Archbishop. Will you thus break your faith?
Lancaster. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain, which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care. —
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence. —
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another Part of the Forest*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff *and* Colevile, *meeting*

Falstaff. What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Colevile. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

Falstaff. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale. Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Colevile. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Falstaff. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Colevile. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Falstaff. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe; my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, *and others*

Lancaster. The heat is past; follow no further now. — Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —

[*Exit Westmoreland.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Falstaff. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility, I have foundered nine score and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lancaster. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Falstaff. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'er-shine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lancaster. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Falstaff. Let it shine, then.

Lancaster. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Falstaff. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lancaster. Is thy name Colevile?

Colevile. It is, my lord.

Lancaster. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Falstaff. And a famous true subject took him.

Colevile. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Falstaff. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND

Lancaster. Now, have you left pursuit?

Westmoreland. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lancaster. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution. —
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. —
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear the king my father is sore sick;
Our news shall go before us to his majesty, —
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Falstaff. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lancaster. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*

Falstaff. I would you had but the wit; 't were better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of

sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. — 122

Enter Bardolph

How now, Bardolph?

Bardolph. The army is discharged all and gone.

Falstaff. Let them go. I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber*

Enter the King, *the* Princes Thomas of Clarence *and* Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, *and others*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.

Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish;
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

Warwick. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Gloucester. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Gloucester. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Gloucester. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clarence. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Then all thy brothers; cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion —
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in —
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clarence. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clarence. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clarence. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

Warwick. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'T is needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd, which, once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. —

Enter WESTMORELAND

Who 's here? Westmoreland!

Westmoreland. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand;
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all
Are brought to the correction of your law,
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. —

Enter HARCOURT

Look, here 's more news.

Harcourt. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
Gloucester. Comfort, your majesty!
Clarence. O my royal father!
Westmoreland. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
Warwick. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.
Clarence. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Gloucester. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature;
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clarence. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
Warwick. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Gloucester. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber; softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another Chamber*

The King *lying on a bed:* Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, *and others in attendance*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Warwick. Call for music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clarence. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

Warwick. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clarence. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

Gloucester. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Gloucester. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic.

Warwick. Not so much noise, my lords. — Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Clarence. Let us withdraw into the other room.

Warwick. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. — [*Exeunt all but the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me; this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and the rest*

Clarence. Doth the king call?

Warwick. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clarence. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him;
He is not here.

Warwick. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Gloucester. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

Warwick. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence; go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? —
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. —
[*Exit Warwick.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murthered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father. —

Re-enter Warwick

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

Warwick. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY

Lo, where he comes. — Come hither to me, Harry. —
Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head.

Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!—
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum!
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murther, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.—
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally

Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murther'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome

Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered,
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode, for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd, which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.—
How I came by the crown, O God forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lancaster. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk; upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK, *and others*

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
Warwick. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It has been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie,
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

HALL IN SHALLOW'S HOUSE

ACT V

SCENE I. *Gloucestershire. Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page

Shallow. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Falstaff. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shallow. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. — Why, Davy!

Enter Davy

Davy. Here, sir.

Shallow. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus: those precepts cannot be served; — and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shallow. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook; — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. — Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shallow. Let it be cast and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; — and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shallow. A' shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shallow. Yea, Davy. I will use him well; a friend i' court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shallow. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shallow. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shallow. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. — [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bardolph. I am glad to see your worship.

Shallow. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph; — and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. — Come, Sir John.

Falstaff. I 'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. — [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. — [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into

quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shallow. [*Within*] Sir John!

Falstaff. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Westminster. The Palace*

Enter Warwick *and the* Lord Chief-Justice, *meeting*

Warwick. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?

Chief-Justice. How doth the king?

Warwick. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Chief-Justice. I hope, not dead.

Warwick. He 's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Chief-Justice. I would his majesty had call'd me with him;
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

Warwick. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Chief-Justice. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, *and others*

Warwick. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry.
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Chief-Justice. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Lancaster. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Gloucester. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clarence. }

Lancaster. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

Warwick. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lancaster. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Chief-Justice. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Gloucester. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed!
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lancaster. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise.

Clarence. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Chief-Justice. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Warwick. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY the Fifth, *attended*

Chief-Justice. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you.
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry 's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, — and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Chief-Justice. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No?
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?
Chief-Justice. I then did use the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me;
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your degrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person,
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword,
And I do wish your honours may increase
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me,
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, — that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions. —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state;
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Gloucestershire. Shallow's Orchard*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, *and the* Page

Shallow. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own

graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth ; — come, cousin Silence ; — and then to bed.

Falstaff. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shallow. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John ; marry, good air. — Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

Falstaff. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shallow. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John — by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper ! — a good varlet. — Now sit down, now sit down. — Come, cousin.

Silence. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, we shall [*Sings*]

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Falstaff. There 's a merry heart ! — Good Master Silence, I 'll give you a health for that anon.

Shallow. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I 'll be with you anon ; most sweet sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit. Proface ! What you want in meat, we 'll have in drink. But you must bear ; the heart 's all. [*Exit.*

Shallow. Be merry, Master Bardolph ; — and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Silence. [Sings]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'T is merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Falstaff. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Silence. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy

Davy. There 's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shallow. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! — I 'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. — A cup of wine, sir?

Silence. [Sings]

A cup of wine that 's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Falstaff. Well said, Master Silence.

Silence. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Falstaff. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Silence. [Sings]

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shallow. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou wantest any thing and will not call, beshrew thy heart. —

Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. — I 'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bardolph. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shallow. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bardolph. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shallow. By God's liggens, I thank thee. — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bardolph. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shallow. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. — [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there. — Ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

Falstaff. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Silence. [Sings] *Do me right,*
And dub me knight;
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Falstaff. 'T is so.

Silence. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Falstaff. From the court! let him come in. —

Enter Pistol

How now, Pistol!

Pistol. Sir John, God save you!

Falstaff. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Silence. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pistol. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Falstaff. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pistol. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Falstaff. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news!
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Silence. [Sings] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pistol. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Silence. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol. Why then, lament therefore.

Shallow. Give me pardon, sir. — If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there 's but two ways, — either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king in some authority.

Pistol. Under which king, bezonian? speak, or die.

Shallow. Under King Harry.

Pistol. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shallow. Harry the Fourth.

Pistol. A foutra for thine office! —
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth 's the man. I speak the truth;
When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Falstaff. What, is the old king dead?

Pistol. As nail in door; the things I speak are just.

Falstaff. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bardolph. O joyful day! — I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pistol. What! I do bring good news?

Falstaff. Carry Master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, — be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward — get on thy boots; we 'll ride all night. — O sweet Pistol! — Away, Bardolph! — [*Exit Bardolph.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. — Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know the young king is sick

for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my lord chief-justice!

Pistol. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! 140
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *London. A Street*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess Quickly *and* Doll Tearsheet

Hostess. No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Beadle.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, thou paper-faced villain.

Hostess. O the Lord, that Sir John would come! he 10
would make this a bloody day to somebody.

1 *Beadle.* Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll. I 'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this, — you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Beadle.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Hostess. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hostess. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Hostess. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1 *Beadle.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Public Place near Westminster Abbey*

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* 'T will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page

Falstaff. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pistol. God bless thy lungs, good knight!

Falstaff. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter, this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shallow. It doth so.

Falstaff. It shows my earnestness of affection, —

Shallow. It doth so.

Falstaff. My devotion, —

Shallow. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Falstaff. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, —

Shallow. It is best, certain.

Falstaff. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pistol. 'T is semper idem, for obsque hoc nihil est; 't is all in every part.

Shallow. 'T is so, indeed.

Pistol. My knight, I will inflame my noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand. —
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Falstaff. I will deliver her.

[*Shout within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pistol. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING *and his train, the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE *among them*

Falstaff. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pistol. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Falstaff. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Chief-Justice. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

Falstaff. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. — Be it your charge, my lord,
[*To Chief-Justice.*
To see perform'd the tenor of our word. —
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*

Falstaff. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shallow. Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Falstaff. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shallow. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Falstaff. Sir, I will be as good as my word; this that you heard was but a colour.

Shallow. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Falstaff. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. —

Come, Lieutenant Pistol; — come, Bardolph. — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE; Officers *with them*

Chief-Justice. Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. Take all his company along with him.

Falstaff. My lord, my lord, —

Chief-Justice. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pistol. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.*

Lancaster. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Chief-Justice. And so they are.

Lancaster. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Chief-Justice. He hath.

Lancaster. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue

Spoken by a Dancer

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this, — which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies; bate me some and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will

continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France, where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, — and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

NOTES

FLAGONS, ETC.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the second line of the present play: "The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in line 16: "Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures." The rhythm is complete with the second syllable of *conjectures*, the third being an extra eleventh syllable. In iv. 2. 30 we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the first syllable of *Lancaster*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in the first line of the play: "Open your ears," etc.; and the fourth line: "Making the wind my post-horse," etc. In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in lines 3, 6, and 19. In 3 the second syllable of *orient* is superfluous; in 6 the third syllable of *continual;* and in 19 the second of *wavering*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 9 and 23. In 9 the last syllable of *enmity*, and in 23 that of *victory*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *Shrewsbury* in 24 and 34, and the fourth of *Northumberland* in 36.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, line 26 of this play appears to have only nine syllables, but *rebellion* is a quadrisyllable, as in i. 1. 50 below. Other instances of the

kind (for which see the notes) are *action, imagination, destruction, expectation, ocean, occasion, commission, partition, valiant,* etc. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r, re, rs, res,* preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare, fear, dear, fire, hair, hour, more, your,* etc. If the word is repeated in a verse, it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in iv. 1. 161: "A rotten case abides no handling" [handl(e)ing]; *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All's Well,* iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay, O, yea, nay, hail,* etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also some longer words, as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. i. 451; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *corpse* (plural; as in i. 1. 192), *balance, horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess, sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *image,* etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *cold'st, stern'st, kind'st, secret'st,* etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for

metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confine*, *máture* and *matúre*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *distinct* and *distínct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune*, *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See iii. 1. 37, 57, iv. 1. 1, iv. 2. 101, 111, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of some 1500 ten-syllable verses, only about 50 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in 8 of the 19 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.*

14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *prepar'd*, line 12, and *rumour'd*, line 33, of the induction to this play. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *commenced*, line 5, where the word is a trisyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. This play has scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third

scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*

(several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (enlarged ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries; and W. H. Brassington's *Shakespeare's Homeland* (1903) deserves similar praise.

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works

of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

THE STORY OF THE PLAY AS TOLD BY HOLINSHED. — The following extracts from Holinshed's *History of England* comprise all the passages of any importance illustrating the play: —

"The king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that, under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray, earl marshall, son to Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished, the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet altogether with their whole power upon Yorkswold, at a day assigned, and that the earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the earl marshall, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed that, not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves grieved with: which articles they showed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that, for redress of such oppressions, they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were.

"The archbishop, not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered[1] his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise

[1] Disclosed, made known; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1, 147, etc.

in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, as well of the city, towns, and countries about, being allured either for desire of change, or else for desire to see a reformation in such things as were mentioned in the articles, assembled together in great numbers; and the archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and manfully to continue in their begun purpose; promising forgiveness of sins to all them whose hap it was to die in the quarrel; and thus, not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about that were able to bear weapon, came to the archbishop and the earl marshall. Indeed, the respect that men had to the archbishop caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation.

"The king, advertised of these matters, meaning to prevent them, left his journey into Wales, and marched with all speed towards the north parts. Also Rafe Nevill, earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the lord John of Lancaster, the king's son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and together with those which were appointed to attend on the said lord John, to defend the borders against the Scots, as the lord Henry Fitzhugh, the lord Rafe Evers, the lord Robert Umfrevill, and others, made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least twenty thousand men.

"When the earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of the adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtilly devised how to quail their purpose; and

forthwith despatched messengers unto the archbishop, to understand the cause as it were of that great assembly, and for what cause (contrary to the king's peace) they came so in armour. The archbishop answered, that he took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth than otherwise; and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him; and therefore he maintained that his purpose to be good and profitable, as well for the king himself as for the realm, if men were willing to understand the truth; and herewith he showed forth a scroll, in which the articles were written whereof before ye have heard.

"The messengers returning to the earl of Westmoreland, showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who rejoicing hereat gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the earl marshall (against his will as it were) to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado the earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him, agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same.

"The earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end: and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the meantime let us drink together in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at point. They had no sooner shaken hands together, but that a knight was sent straightways from the archbishop, to bring word to the people

that there was peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside his arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, they being already wearied with the unaccustomed travail of war, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the meantime, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the earl of Westmoreland; and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, until the earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the earl marshall with diverse other. Thus saith Walsingham. But others write somewhat otherwise of this matter, affirming that the earl of Westmoreland indeed, and the lord Rafe Evers, procured the archbishop and the earl marshall to come to a communication with them, upon a ground just in the midway betwixt both the armies, where the earl of Westmoreland in talk declared to them how perilous an enterprise they had taken in hand, so as to raise the people, and to move war against the king; advising them therefore to submit themselves without further delay unto the king's mercy, and his son the lord John, who was present there in the field with banners spread, ready to try the matter by dint of sword, if they refused this counsel; and therefore he willed them to remember themselves well: and if they would not yield and crave the king's pardon, he bade them to do their best to defend themselves.

"Hereupon as well the archbishop as the earl marshall submitted themselves unto the king, and to his son the lord John that was there present, and returned not to their army. Whereupon their troops scaled and fled their ways; but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways. Howsoever the matter was handled, true it is that the archbishop and the earl marshall were brought to Pomfret to the king, who in this meanwhile was advanced thither with his power; and from thence he

went to York, whither the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded the morrow after Whitsunday, in a place without the city: that is to understand, the archbishop himself, the earl marshall, sir John Lampley, and sir Robert Plumpton. Unto all which persons though indemnity were promised, yet was the same to none of them at any hand performed.

"After the king, accordingly as seemed to him good, had ransomed and punished by grievous fines the citizens of York (which had borne armour on their archbishop's side against him), he departed from York, with an army of thirty and seven thousand fighting men, furnished with all provision necessary, marching northwards against the earl of Northumberland. At his coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, the lord Fauconbridge, sir John Collevill of the Dale, and sir John Griffith, being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded. The earl of Northumberland, hearing that his counsel was betrayed and his confederates brought to confusion, through too much haste of the archbishop of York, with three hundred horse got him to Berwick. The king coming forward quickly, wan the castle of Warkworth. Whereupon the earl of Northumberland, not thinking himself in surety at Berwick, fled with the lord Bardolfe into Scotland, where they were received of David, lord Fleming.

"The earl of Northumberland and the lord Bardolfe, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now for the space of a whole year; and, as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said earl of Northumberland and lord Bardolfe in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering diverse of the earl's castles and signiories; for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. The king, advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies; but ere the king came to Nottingham, sir Thomas, or (as other copies have) Rafe Rokesby,

sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power.

"There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of his hurts. As for the earl of Northumberland, he was slain outright.

"The lord Henry, prince of Wales, eldest son to King Henry, got knowledge that certain of his father's servants were busy to give informations against him, whereby discord might arise betwixt him and his father; for they put into the king's head, not only what evil rule (according to the course of youth) the prince kept, to the offence of many, but also what great resort of people came to his house, so that the court was nothing furnished with such a train as daily followed the prince. These tales brought no small suspicion into the king's head, lest his son would presume to usurp the crown, he being yet alive; through which suspicious jealousy, it was perceived that he favoured not his son as in times past he had done. The prince, sore offended with such persons as by slanderous reports sought, not only to spot his good name abroad in the realm, but to sow discord also betwixt him and his father, wrote his letters into every part of the realm, to reprove all such slanderous devices of those that sought his discredit. And to clear himself the better, that the world might understand what wrong he had to be slandered in such wise, about the feast of Peter and Paul, to wit, the nine-and-twentieth day of June, he came to the court, with such a number of noblemen and other his friends that wished him well, as the like train had been seldom seen repairing to the court at any one time in those days. The court was then at Westminster, where he being entered into the hall, not one of his company durst once advance himself further than the fire in the same hall, notwithstanding they were earnestly requested by the lords to come higher; but they, regarding what they had in commandment of the prince, would not presume to do in any thing

contrary thereunto. He himself, only accompanied with those of the king's house, was straight admitted to the presence of the king his father, who being at that time grievously diseased, yet caused himself in his chair to be borne into his privy chamber, where, in the presence of three or four persons in whom he had most confidence, he commanded the prince to show what he had to say concerning the cause of his coming.

"The prince kneeling down before his father, said: Most redoubted and sovereign lord and father, I am at this time come to your presence as your liege man, and as your natural son, in all things to be at your commandment. And where I understand you have in suspicion my demeanour against your grace, you know very well, that if I knew any man within this realm of whom you should stand in fear, my duty were to punish that person, thereby to remove that grief from your heart. Then how much more ought I to suffer death, to ease your grace of that grief which you have of me, being your natural son and liege man; and to that end I have this day made myself ready by confession and receiving the sacrament. And therefore I beseech you, most redoubted lord and dear father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all such suspicion as you have of me, and to despatch me here before your knees with this same dagger (and withal he delivered unto the king his dagger in all humble reverence, adding further, that his life was not so dear to him that he wished to live one day with his displeasure); and therefore, in thus ridding me out of life, and yourself from all suspicion, here in presence of these lords, and before God at the day of the general judgment, I faithfully protest clearly to forgive you.

"The king, moved herewith, cast from him the dagger, and, embracing the prince, kissed him, and with shedding tears confessed, that indeed he had him partly in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause; and therefore from thenceforth no misreport should cause him to have him in mistrust; and this he promised of his honour.

"Thus were the father and the son reconciled, betwixt whom the said pickthanks had sown division, insomuch that the son, upon a vehement conceit of unkindness sprung in the father was in the way to be worn out of favour; which was the more likely to come to pass, by their informations that privily charged him with riot, and other uncivil demeanour unseemly for a prince. Indeed, he was youthfully given, grown to audacity, and had chosen him companions agreeable to his age, with whom he spent the time in such recreations, exercises, and delights as he fancied. But yet it should seem (by the report of some writers) that his behaviour was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody; sith he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened unto himself a ready passage of good liking among the prudent sort, and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition, which was in no degree so excessive, as that he deserved in such vehement manner to be suspected.

"In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign, a council was holden in the Whitefriars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and gallies to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the holy land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. For it grieved him to consider the great malice of Christian princes that were bent upon a mischievous purpose to destroy one another, to the peril of their own souls, rather than to make war against the enemies of the Christian faith, as in conscience (it seemed to him) they were bound. He held his Christmas this year at Eltham, being sore vexed with sickness, so that it was thought sometime that he had been dead; notwithstanding it pleased God that he somewhat recovered his strength again, and so passed that Christmas with as much joy as he might.

"The morrow after Candlemas day began a parliament which he had called at London, but he departed this life before the same

parliament was ended; for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with sufficient treasure, soldiers, captains, victuals, munitions, tall ships, strong gallies, and all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the holy land, he was eftsoons taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy, stricken by the hand of God (saith Maister Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this his last sickness he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenly his pangs so troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son, being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father, being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown; and, having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself. The prince with a good audacity answered: Sir, to mine and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore, I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well, fair son (said the king with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince), if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God; and remember you do well. With that he turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the abbot's of Westminster called Jerusalem, the twentieth day of March, in the year 1413, in the year of his age 46, when he had reigned thirteen years five months and odd days.

"We find that he was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave and so to proceed forth on his journey. He was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently. Wherefore, to relieve him (if it

were possible), they bare him unto a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him. At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name; whereunto answer was made that it was Jerusalem. Then, said the king, lauds be given to the Father of heaven; for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.

"Henry, prince of Wales, son and heir to King Henry the Fourth, born in Wales, at Monmouth on the river of Wye, after his father was departed took upon him the regiment of this realm of England, the twentieth of March, 1413, the morrow after proclaimed king by the name of Henry the Fifth. This king even at first appointing with himself to show that in his person princely honours should change public manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their places he chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honour and dignity; calling to mind how once, to high offence of the king his father, he had with his fist stricken the chief justice, for sending one of his minions[1] (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutly commanded himself also straight to ward, and he (then prince) obeyed. The king after expelled him out of his privy council, banished him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his younger brother, president of council in his stead."

[1] Favourites. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 392, *Macb.* i. 2. 19, etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

In the 1st folio the last scene of the play ends on p. 100, with "FINIS" appended and a "tail-piece" which fills out the page. The *Epilogue* occupies the next page, which is not numbered, and on the back of this we find the following list of characters: —

THE ACTORS NAMES

RVMOVR the Presentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *Iohn* of Lancaster. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, &
Humphrey of Gloucester. } brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence. }

Northumberland. }
The Arch Byshop of Yorke. }
Mowbray. }
Hastings. } Opposites against King *Henrie* the
Lord Bardolfe. } Fourth.
Trauers. }
Morton. }
Coleuile. }

Warwicke. } Of the Kings Partie.
Westmerland. }
Surrey. }
Gowre. }
Harecourt. }
Lord Chiefe Iustice. }

Pointz. } Irregular Humorists.
Falstaffe. }
Bardolphe. }
Pistoll. }
Peto. }
Page. }

Shallow. } Both Country Iustices.
Silence. }

Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants.
Mouldie. }
Shadow. }
Wart. } Country Soldiers
Feeble. }
Bullcalfe. }

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Teare-sheete.
Epilogue.

INDUCTION

In the folio this is headed "*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.* INDVCTION." In the quarto there is no division into acts and scenes.

1. *Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.* This is according to the quarto; the folio has simply "*Enter Rumour.*" Warton quotes Holinshed's description of a pageant exhibited in the court of Henry VIII.: "Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson sattin, full of toongs, or chronicles." Farmer remarks that Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had described *Rumour* as

> "A goodly lady, envyroned about
> With tongues of fire;"

and so had Sir Thomas More, in one of his Pageants: —

> "*Fame* I am called, merveyle you nothing
> Though with tonges I am compassed all rounde."

Cf. also Chaucer, *The House of Fame*, 298: —

> "And sothe to tellen also shee
> Had also fele up stondyng eres
> And tonges, as on bestes heres."

This description, as the context shows, was suggested by Virgil's in *Æneid*, iv. 174 fol., to which the others quoted above were doubtless also indebted.

Judge Holmes, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare*, among his "parallelisms" between Bacon and Shakespeare, cites this description of Rumour and the following from Bacon's *Essay of Fame*: "The poets make fame a *monster*. They describe her in part finely and elegantly; and in part gravely and sententiously. They say, look how many feathers she hath; so many eyes she hath underneath; so many tongues; so many voices; she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish. There follow excellent parables; as that

she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground and yet hideth her head in the clouds; that in the daytime she sitteth in a watch-tower, and flieth most by night; that she mingleth things done with things not done, and that she is a terror to great cities."

It will be seen that this is almost a literal translation of Virgil's description; even the word *monster*, which the Judge italicizes as parallel to "the blunt *monster* with uncounted heads," being directly suggested by the "*monstrum* horrendum" of the Latin. And yet it is quoted as one of the "instances of *striking resemblances*, in particular words and phrases, *lying beyond the range of accidental coincidence*," etc.!

3. *Drooping.* Sinking, declining. Malone quotes *Macb.* iii. 2, 52: "Good things of day begin to droop and drowse," etc.

12. *Fearful.* Full of fear; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 67, etc.

13. *Big.* Pregnant; as in *W. T.* iv. 1. 64, *Cymb.* i. 1. 39, etc.

15. *And no such matter?* And it is nothing of the kind. Cf. *Sonn.* 87. 14: "In sleep a king, but waking no such matter;" *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 225: "The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter," etc.

17. *Stop.* The holes in a *pipe* or flute are called *stops*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 76, 376, 381, etc.

18. *Blunt.* Dull, stupid; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 41:—

> "But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
> By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding."

20. *What need I*, etc. Why need I, etc. Cf. i. 2. 107 below: "What tell you me of it?" See also *R. of L.* 31, *J. C.* ii. 1. 123, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 128, etc.

26. *Rebellion.* A quadrisyllable; as in i. 1. 50 below.

33. *Peasant.* Here = provincial, or rural.

37. *Crafty-sick.* Craftily sick, or feigning sickness. The hyphen is not in the early eds. In these compound adjectives, the first part is often adverbial.

ACT I

SCENE I. — 1. *The Porter opens the gate.* The quarto reads: "*Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore;*" the folios: "*Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.*"

2. *What.* Who; as often. Cf. i. 2. 59 below: "What's he that goes there?"

5. *Please it.* If it please; as often.

8. *Stratagem.* "A dreadful deed, any thing amazing and appalling" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 85: "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 89: "What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly," etc.

13. *God.* Changed in the folios to "heaven," as in many other cases, on account of King James's statute forbidding the use of the name of God on the stage.

19. *Brawn.* Mass of flesh; applied contemptuously to Falstaff, as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 123: "that damned brawn."

20. *Day.* Day of battle, combat; as often. Cf. 52 and 1. 2. 150 below.

21. *Follow'd.* That is, the advantage gained being followed up. Cf. iii. 1. 75: "thus did he follow it" (that is, follow it up). See also *T. N.* v. 1. 373: "How with a sportful malice it was follow'd."

30. *Over-rode.* Outrode, rode past; used by S. only here. Cf. *overrun* = outrun, in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 143.

37. *Forspent.* Exhausted, worn out. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 1: "Forspent with toil, as runners with a race." In *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 36. *forspent* = foregone, past. Steevens quotes Sir A. Gorges, trans. of *Lucan:* "crabbed sires, forspent with age." *Fordone* is used in the same sense in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 381.

45. *Poor jade.* "Used not in contempt but in compassion" (Steevens). Malone cites *Rich. II.* v. 5. 85: "That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;" but there something of reproach may be implied.

47. *Devour the way.* Cf. Catullus, *ad Papyr.* 7: "viam vorabit."

Steevens quotes *Job*, xxxix. 24, and Jonson, *Sejanus* v. 10: "they greedily devour the way."

48. *Staying no longer question.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 346: "I 'll stay no longer question." See also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 235.

53. *Point.* A tagged lace, used in fastening parts of the dress, especially the breeches. Cf. ii. 4. 163 below, where it may mean some mark of his commission, like the modern "shoulder-straps."

56. *Instances.* Details (Schmidt). Some make it = evidences, proofs; as in iii. 1. 103 below.

57. *Hilding.* Base, menial. S. also uses it as a noun (its proper sense); as in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44, iii. 5. 169, etc.

60. *Title-leaf.* Steevens remarks that in the time of S. the title-page to an elegy was entirely black; but the simile is equally expressive if we take *title-leaf* in its ordinary sense.

63. *Usurpation.* Metrically five syllables. See on ind. 26 above. *A witness'd usurpation* = "traces that bear witness to its invasion."

69. *Apter.* For the comparative, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 408: "she is apter to do than to confess she does." The superlative occurs in 213 below.

71. *Woe-begone.* This compound, which is familiar enough now, seems to have been less common half a century ago. Warburton and Steevens think it necessary to define and illustrate it. S. uses the word nowhere else.

72. *Drew Priam's curtain.* That is, drew it aside. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 73, etc. It is also used in the other sense; as in *M. of V.* iii. 7. 78, ii. 9. 84, etc.

86. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 177: "That an invisible instinct should frame them;" *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 42: "By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust," etc.

87. *Morton.* Here accented on the second syllable.

93. *Yet, for all this,* etc. Johnson would give this line to Bardolph, as inconsistent with what follows. The contradiction cannot, he says, be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's

mind, on account of "the calmness of the reflection contained in the last lines." He also gave lines 100–103 to Morton, as "a proper preparation for the tale that he is unwilling to tell." The old text may well enough stand if we assume a pause after this first line. Northumberland is not willing to accept the intimation expressed in the preceding speech. "And yet," he says, "don't tell me that he is dead." But his appealing words and look meet with no encouraging response in Morton's face, and he goes on, "I see a strange confession," etc.

95. *Fear.* Something to be afraid of, a fearful thing. Cf. iv. 5. 196 below.

102. *Sullen.* Cf. *Sonn.* 71. 2: "the surly sullen bell;" *R. and J.* iv. 5. 88: "Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change," etc. See also Milton, *Il Pens.* 76: ".Swinging slow with sullen roar."

103. *Knolling.* The folio reading; the quartos have "tolling." Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 114: "where bells have knoll'd to church;" and *Macb.* v. 8. 50: "his knell is knoll'd." Malone took *departing* to be = departed; but, as Steevens notes, the allusion is to "the *passing* bell, that is, the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world."

108. *Quittance.* Requital, return of blows. The word is used as a verb (= requite, retaliate) in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 14. *Outbreath'd* = out of breath, exhausted.

112. *In few.* In few words, in short; as not unfrequently.

114. *Bruited.* Noised abroad. Cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 22, *Ham.* i. 2. 127, etc.

117. *Abated.* "*Reduced to lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*" (Johnson). Clarke remarks: "So correctly maintained in technical appropriateness are many of Shakespeare's figurative allusions that he often uses words with peculiar and unusually inclusive force, which should be examined and known, in order fully to appreciate the whole scope of his passages."

120. *Enforcement.* Application of force. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 107: "by what rough enforcement," etc.

128. *Had three times slain*, etc. See 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3.

129. *Gan vail his stomach.* Began to lower his pride or courage. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 176: "Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot." This *vail* (Fr. *avaler*) has been often confounded with *veil*, even by critical scholars.

133. *Power.* Armed force; as in iv. 4. 5 below.

135. *At full.* In full, fully; as in *M. for M.* i. 1. 44, *C. of E.* i. 1. 123, etc.

137. *In poison there is physic.* Vaughan remarks: "S. seems to have heard the just old maxim of medicine, 'Ubi virus, ibi virtus;' but he has added to it explanations so expressed as to furnish a good motto for the modern principle of homœopathy."

These news. The quarto reading; the folios have "this news." S. uses the forms interchangeably.

138. *Having been well*, etc. Such transposition of participial clauses is not uncommon.

141. *Strengthless.* Cf. *V. and A.* 153: "Two strengthless doves;" *R. of L.* 709: "Strengthless pace," etc.

Buckle = bow, or bend. Cf. the Yankee expression, "buckle down to it." Jonson uses the word in his *Staple of News*, ii. 1:—

> "And teach this body
> To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
> In adoration and just worship of you."

144. The first *grief* = pain; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 51 and v. 1. 134.

145. *Nice.* "Over-delicate, effeminate" (Clarke).

147. *Quoif.* Cap, or hood; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 226.

148. *Wanton.* Luxurious. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 214: "the wanton rushes," etc.

149. *Flesh'd.* "Made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 11: "the flesh'd soldier," etc.

151. *Ragged'st.* Roughest, wildest. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 15: "My voice is ragged."

156. *To feed contention,* etc. "Where civil war drags out its course in successive scenes" (Herford).

157. *Cain.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 36, *K. John,* iii. 4. 79, *Rich. II.* v. 6. 43, 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 39, and *Ham.* v. 1. 85.

160. *And darkness,* etc. "The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness,* in poetry, may be *absence of eyes,* as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark that by an ancient opinion it has been held that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease" (Johnson).

Vaughan remarks: "Johnson did not fully apprehend the imagery of this passage, in which there is no want of perfect and literal fidelity to the truth. *Darkness* here means objective darkness. . . . The metaphor is one drawn from the stage on which tragedies are exhibited, as the words *stage, act,* and *scene* intimate; and it is perfectly sustained from beginning to end. He prays that the world may become a stage for the exhibition, not of a prolonged contention, but of such a truculent and furious death-struggle as will quickly culminate in the catastrophe of a vast slaughter, and that the dead lying on the ground may be buried out of sight by a darkness which will envelop everything. It is certain that during the performance the stage was artificially lighted, and the rest of the theatre also; and it is probable that these lights were extinguished immediately on the close of the performance. The parallelism of the actual atrocity wished for to the tragical representation by which it is illustrated is sustained into the *darkness* which ends both."

161. *Strained.* Exaggerated, excessive.

163. *Complices.* Accomplices, confederates. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 165, iii. 1. 43, etc.

165. *Perforce.* Of necessity; as in i. 3. 72 and iv. 5. 34 below.

It often means by force. See on iv. 1. 116 below. The remainder of this speech is omitted in the quarto.

166. *Cast.* Calculated. Cf. v. 1. 21 below: "Let it be cast and paid."

168. *Make head.* Raise an army. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 64: —

> "Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
> Against my power," etc.

On *head*, cf. i. 3. 71 below. *Presurmise* = surmise or suspicion in advance; a word used by S. nowhere else.

169. *Dole.* Dealing, distribution. Elsewhere it is = share, portion; as in *A. W.* ii. 3. 176, etc.

170. *On an edge.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 191: —

> "As full of peril and adventurous spirit
> As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

172. *Advis'd.* Well aware. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 191: "But art thou not advis'd," etc. (are you not aware, do you not understand, etc.). *Capable* = susceptible; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 476: "capable of this ambition;" *Id.* iii. 1. 12: "capable of fears," etc.

174. *Trade.* Activity, lively interchange. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 36: "Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments" (that is, in the common course of preferment).

177. *Stiff-borne.* Obstinately carried on.

180. *Engaged to this loss.* That is, bound or tied to it (Schmidt); involved in it. Malone cites 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 98: "more worthy interest to the state."

184. *Chok'd the respect of.* Did away with our regard for, made us indifferent to. For *respect* = consideration, regard, cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 90, *M. of V.* i. 1. 74, etc.

189–209. *The gentle Archbishop . . . follow him.* These lines are omitted in the quarto.

190. *Powers.* Forces. Cf. the use of the singular in 133 above.

192. *Corpse.* Plural; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 43. See p. 155 above.

196. *Queasiness.* Nausea, distaste; used by S. only here.

197. *That. So* that; as in iv. 1. 216 below.

201. *Religion.* A quadrisyllable. See on ind. 26 above. *Turns insurrection to religion* = makes rebellion seem a sacred duty.

204. *Enlarge his rising.* Extend his insurrection, increase the number of his followers. *With* = by; as often.

205. *Pomfret.* Alluding to Pomfret Castle, where, according to S., Richard was murdered.

207. *Bestride.* That is, in defence of one fallen. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 122: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so," etc.

209. *More and less.* High and low. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "The more and less came in with cap and knee," etc.

213. *Aptest.* See on 69 above.

Scene II. — 1. *What says the doctor,* etc. "The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only was once so much the fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it" (Steevens). Boswell remarks: "The same impudent quackery is carried on at this day." For the playful use of *giant,* cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 218, where it refers to the *petite* Maria.

4. *Owed.* Owned; as very often.

6. *Gird.* Gibe, jeer. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 260: "Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods." We find the noun in *T. of S.* v. 2. 58 and 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 131.

15. *Mandrake.* The forked root of this plant was supposed to resemble the human form.

17. *Agate.* Alluding to the figures cut in agates used for seals, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 236: "His heart, like an agate, with your

print impress'd;" *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 65: "If low, an agate very vilely cut," etc.

19. *Juvenal.* Youth; a word used elsewhere in S. only by Armado (*L. L. L.* i. 2. 8, iii. 1. 67) and Flute (*M. N. D.* iii. 1. 97).

23. *Face-royal.* Playing on the double sense of a royal or kingly face and the profile stamped on the coin called a *royal*—the subject of many old puns.

25. *For a barber*, etc. "The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal* than by the face stamped on the coin; the one requiring as little shaving as the other" (Steevens). Mason explains it better: "if nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* as it was."

31. *Slops.* Loose breeches. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 47, *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 36, etc.

34. *Band.* Bond; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 157, etc.

36. *His tongue be hotter.* Alluding to the rich man in the parable (*Luke*, xvi. 24).

Achitophel. Ahithophel, the counsellor of Absalom, cursed by David (2 *Samuel*, xv. 31).

37. *A rascally, yea-forsooth knave.* A vulgar Puritan. The mild quality of citizen oaths is here again alluded to (see 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 252 fol.), and excites no less disgust in Falstaff than in Hotspur.

To bear a gentleman in hand. That is, to keep him in expectation, flatter him with false hopes. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 305, *Macb.* iii. 1. 81, etc.

39. *Smooth-pates.* "A synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Vaughan).

41. *If a man*, etc. "If a man does his utmost in borrowing, or rather if a man condescends to borrow, in an honourable manner" (Schmidt). Pope changed *through* to "thorough." For *take up* = obtain on trust, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191, etc.

42. *Had as lief.* Good English then as now.

44. *Looked.* Expected. Cf. *Sonn.* 22. 4: "Then look I death my days should expiate." See also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 243, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 118, etc.

47. *Horn.* There is an allusion to the horn of the cuckold, and also to the use of horn instead of glass in lanterns, with a play on *lightness* (= wantonness), for which cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 19 fol., *M. of V.* v. 1. 130, etc. Steevens cites *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: —

> "your wrongs
> Shine through the horn, as candles in the eve,
> To light out others."

Vaughan observes that the old spelling of *lanthorn* (as in the quarto) favours the joke, it having arisen out of the notion that the article took its name from the *horn* used for its sides.

53. *In Paul's.* That is, in Old St. Paul's Cathedral, which was a place of daily resort for the idle and unemployed, as well as for the man of business. Reed quotes *The Choice of Change*, 1598: "a man must not make choyce of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in Paules; of a horse in Smithfield; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade." Malone adds from Osborne, *Memoirs of James I.*: "It was the fashion in those times . . . for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce — there happened little that did not first or last arrive here." Before the introduction of newspapers, notices and advertisements were often posted on the pillars in this church. Blakeway quotes the letter of a servant in *Harl. MS.* 2050: "for yf . . . I sett my bill in Paules, in one or two dayes I cannot want a servisse." Cf. Nash, *Pierce Pennilesse:* "the masterlesse men, that sette up their bills in Paules for services." In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, the scene through the chief part of act iii. is laid in

Paul's, and the action is in keeping with these descriptions of the habits of the place. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 1: —

> "This is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
> Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd
> That it may be this day read over in Paul's."

Bought is here = hired.

56. *The nobleman*, etc. Sir William Gascoigne, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. See also on v. 2. 113 below.

84. *I had lied in my throat.* "The *lie in the throat* was a lie uttered deliberately; the *lie in the teeth* was one for which some excuse was allowed on the ground of its having proceeded from haste or some palliating cause."

90. *Grows to me.* Is an essential part of me.

91. *Thou wert better.* It were better for thee.

92. *You hunt counter.* You are on the wrong scent, you are at fault. The folio has "Hunt-counter," which is followed by some of the modern eds. Johnson defines *hunt-counter* as "blunderer," and Ritson as "worthless dog." Turbervile, in his *Booke of Hunting*, says: "When a hound hunteth backwards the same way that the chase is come, then we say he hunteth counter." Cf *C. of E.* iv. 2. 39: "a hound that runs counter;" and *Ham.* iv. 5. 110: "O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!"

110. *Whoreson.* "Applied not only to persons, but to any thing, as a term of reproach or ludicrous dislike, and sometimes (as in the language of Doll Tearsheet) used even in a tone of coarse tenderness" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 4. 189 and 197 below.

116. *What tell you*, etc. Why tell you, etc. See on ind. 20 above.

117. *It original.* This old possessive *it* is used fourteen times by S., seven of them being in the phrase *it own.* In the next clause, in *his effects*, we have the usual *his* = its.

122. *Very well*, etc. This speech in the quarto has the prefix "*Old.*" See p. 10 above.

125. *To punish you by the heels.* Schmidt makes this = "to set you in the stocks;" but Clarke quotes Lord Campbell: "To *lay by the heels* was the technical expression for committing to prison, and I could produce from the Reports various instances of its being so used by distinguished judges from the bench." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 83. The reply of Falstaff seems to show that imprisonment is referred to here.

136. *Advised by my learned counsel.* As Clarke remarks, Falstaff had good legal ground for not coming. Being engaged on military service under the king's order, he was not bound to answer the summons of the Chief-Justice.

148. *The fellow with the great belly.* Probably an allusion to some well-known blind beggar of the time who was led by his dog.

152. *For your quiet o'er-posting.* For your getting easily clear of.

160. *A wassail candle.* "A large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb" (Johnson). Steevens notes that a similar play occurs in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 10: "That was the way to make his godhead wax." For *wassail* (= drinking-bout, carousal), cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 318: "wakes and wassails;" and *Ham.* i. 4. 9: "keeps wassail."

164. *Gravy.* "Falstaff's reply has an interest besides its waggishness, as showing that *gravity* was pronounced *grave-ity*, preserving the sound of its root; else his joke would have been no joke at all" (White).

166. *Ill.* The folio has "evil" ("euill"), which White says is "an epithet much better suited to *angel* than *ill;*" but compare "ill spirit" in *Temp.* i. 2. 458 and *J. C.* iv. 3. 289.

Angel. A play upon the name of the coin; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35 and *M. W.* i. 3. 60.

169. *I cannot go, I cannot tell.* Probably there is a play on *go* and *tell* in the senses of "pass current" and "count as good money."

171. *These costermonger times.* "These times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money" (Johnson).

172. *Bear-herd.* One who leads about a tame bear as a show. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 43, *T. of S.* ind. 2. 21, etc.

Pregnancy. Ready wit; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the use of the adjective in *Ham.* ii. 2. 212: "How pregnant sometimes his replies are!"

177. *The heat of our livers.* For the liver as the seat of animal passion, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 355, *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *M. of V.* i. 1. 81, etc. See also v. 5. 31 below.

178. *Vaward.* Literally = vanguard, as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 130; here used metaphorically, as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 110: "the vaward of the day."

185. *Your wit single.* That is, simple or silly. *Single* is thus used only in quibbling (Schmidt). Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 40: "your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single." Clarke remarks here: "That the Chief-Justice should use the epithet *single* here to express *simple* affords a notable instance of Falstaff's being 'the cause that wit is in other men;' and that his lordship should apply the epithet *single* to Falstaff's *wit* is as notable a token of how thoroughly the knight's imperturbable humour has power to put him out of humour; just as, later in the play, he loses his temper so utterly as to call Falstaff 'a great *fool!*'"

186. *Antiquity.* Old age; as in *Sonn.* 62. 10, 108. 12, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 106, and *A. W.* ii. 3. 220.

190. *Something a.* A somewhat. *Something* is often used adverbially; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 124, 129, ii. 2. 18, 194, etc.

192. *Approve.* Prove; as in 161 above.

196. *Have at him.* That is, I am ready for the trial.

198. *Checked.* Reproved; as in iii. 1. 68 below.

200. *Old sack.* Cf. Sir John Harington, *Epigrams:* —

> "Sackcloth and cinders they advise to use;
> Sack, cloves, and sugar thou wouldst have to chuse."

210. *Look you pray*, etc. That is, take care that you pray, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 1, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 49, etc.

215. *Spit white.* A perplexing expression. Clarke says: "Reckoned a sign of thirst; which Falstaff, with his relish for wine, desires to feel, as giving anticipatory zest. Spungius, in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, says, 'Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink.'" Furnivall quotes *Batman uppon Bartholome*, ed. 1582: "If the spettle be white viscus, the sicknesse commeth of fleame; if black, of melancholy. . . . The whitte spettle not knottie, signifieth health." Perhaps this last sentence is the key to the puzzle.

217. *Well, I cannot last ever.* The remainder of the speech is omitted in the folios.

228. *Pound.* Often plural with numerals.

230. *To bear crosses.* Another quibble from the venerable Chief-Justice. He plays upon *cross*, which often meant a coin stamped with a cross. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 12: "I should bear no cross if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse." See also *L. L. L.* i. 2. 36.

232. *Fillip me with a three-man beetle.* It was a common sport with Warwickshire boys to put a toad on one end of a short board placed across a small log, and then to strike the other end with a bat, thus throwing the creature high in the air. This was called *filliping* the toad. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it. Such a beetle would be needed for *filliping* a weight like Falstaff's.

247. *Colour.* Pretext, excuse for my *halting*, or lameness. Cf. v. 5. 86 below.

249. *Commodity.* Profit, advantage. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 1. 23:—

> "our mere defects
> Prove our commodities."

Scene III. — 7. *In our means.* With the means we have.

8. *To look*, etc. That is, to present a sufficiently bold front.

Cf. the use of *look big* (= look boldly or threateningly) in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 230, *W. T.* iv. 3. 113, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 58, etc.

9. *Puissance.* Used as a dissyllable or a trisyllable, according to the measure. Cf. 77 below.

10. *Our present musters grow upon the file.* That is, "the muster file amounts" (*A. W.* iv. 3. 189).

12. *Supplies.* Reinforcements; as in *K. John*, v. 3. 9, v. 5. 12, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 3, etc. See also 28 below.

14. *Incensed.* Kindled, blazing.

22. *Theme.* Matter, business. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 289: "I will fight with him upon this theme," etc.

24. *Incertain.* Used by S. interchangeably with *uncertain.*

27. *Lin'd.* Strengthened, sustained. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 86: "To line his enterprise." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 7, *Macb.* i. 3. 112, etc.

28. *Eating the air*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 99: "I eat the air, promise-crammed;" alluding, as here, to "the chameleon's dish."

29. *In project of a power*, etc. That is, with expectations of a force which proved to be much smaller, etc.

31. *Imagination.* Metrically six syllables. See on ind. 26 above, and cf. 33 and 65 below.

32. *Proper to.* Appropriate to, belonging to. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 41: "Conceptions only proper to myself;" *Ham.* ii. 1. 114: "proper to our age," etc.

33. *Winking.* Shutting his eyes. Cf. *R. of L.* 458, 553, *Sonn.* 43. 1, *K. John*, ii. 1. 215, etc. See also the use of the noun *wink* in *Temp.* ii. 1. 285 and *W. T.* i. 2. 317.

36–55. *Yes, in . . . or else.* Omitted in the quarto. In the folio, the passage begins thus: —

> "Yes, if this present quality of warre,
> Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
> Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring," etc.

This is unquestionably corrupt, and it may be that something has been lost from the text. Of the various attempts to mend it,

Malone's is perhaps the most satisfactory, as it certainly is the simplest. White, who also adopts it, paraphrases the opening lines as follows: "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair — a cause on foot — is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring."

39. *Which to prove fruit.* And that these will become fruit. For the construction, cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 171: —

"This to be true
I do engage my life."

See also *C. of E.* v. 1. 11.

42. *Model.* Plan. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 48, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 24, etc.

47. *In fewer offices.* With fewer apartments. *Offices* was especially applied to the servants' quarters in a house. *At least*, as Clarke suggests, may here be = "at worst, supposing the least advantageous prospect."

52. *Consent.* Agree; as in *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 48: "all your writers do consent that ipse is he," etc.

54. *How able such a work*, etc. Vaughan remarks: "Two constructions are admissible. First, 'how far *such a property* is able to bear a work that will counterpoise the work opposed to it, or the opposition to be brought against it.' *Such* frequently refers in S. to the party, person, or quality last spoken of. The second construction is, 'how far our estate is able to bear the expense of *such a work* as will counterpoise that which is opposed to it.' The ellipse of *as* under such circumstances is not rare." I prefer, as he does, the latter explanation. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 13: "and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

55. *Opposite.* Opponent; as in iv. 1. 16 below.

56. *In paper.* On paper; a common use of *in.*

60. *Cost.* Put for that on which the money has been spent, or the costly building.

62. *Churlish.* Rough, rude. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter's wind."

67. *Equal with.* Cope with.

71. *Against the French.* During this rebellion, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in Wales, for the aid of Glendower (Steevens).

72. *Perforce.* Of necessity. See on i. 1. 165 above.

73. *Take up.* Encounter, cope with; as in *Cor.* iii. 1. 244:—

> "I could myself
> Take up a brace o' the best of them," etc.

Unfirm. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 34, *J. C.* i. 3. 4, *R. and J.* v. 3. 6, etc. S. also uses *infirm;* as in *Macb.* ii. 2. 52, etc. See on 24 above.

76. *Strengths.* For the concrete use, cf. *K. John,* ii. 1. 388: "your united strengths," etc.

77. *Puissance.* Here a trisyllable. See on 9 above.

80. *Baying him.* Chasing him, driving him to bay. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 118:—

> "When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta;"

and *J. C.* iii. 1. 204: "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart."

81. *Like.* Likely; as often. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 49: "Is 't like that lead contains her?"

82. *Duke of Lancaster.* Prince John of Lancaster. Later he was made Duke of Bedford (see *Hen. V.*), but he was never Duke of Lancaster.

85–108. *Let us on,* etc. This speech is omitted in the quarto.

91. *Fond.* Foolish; the commonest meaning of the word in S. Douce considers *many* to be = *meyny,* from the Fr. *mesnie;* but it is probably nothing more than the adjective used as a noun and personified.

94. *Trimm'd in thine own desires.* A peculiar expression, apparently = trimmed up (the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios read "trimm'd

up ") in the things thou desiredst. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 34: "and be inheritor of thy desire."

102. *Enamour'd on.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 70, etc.

103. *That threw'st dust*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 30: "But dust was thrown upon his sacred head."

109. *Draw.* Draw together, assemble; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 113, *Cymb.* iii. 5. 25, etc. *Set on* = set out, march; as often.

ACT II

SCENE I. — 3. *Yeoman.* Under-bailiff, or sheriff's officer.

16. *Foin.* Thrust; a fencing term. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 3. 24: "To see thee fight, to see thee foin;" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 84: "I 'll whip you from your foining fence," etc. See also ii. 4. 193 below.

22. *Vice.* Figuratively = grasp.

24. *Infinitive.* Mrs. Quickly's "derangement of epitaphs" needs no special comment.

26. *Saving your manhoods.* An expression used also by Fluellen (*Hen. V.* iv. 8. 36) and = *saving your honour*, or *your reverence.*

28. *Lubber's-head.* That is, *Libbard's-head.* For *libbard* (= leopard), cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 551: "With libbard's head on knee." *Lumbert* = Lombard.

30. *Exion.* Elsewhere (as in 1 above) we find *action* in the dame's talk; but, as Clarke remarks, this is in accordance with Shakespeare's mode of indicating these peculiarities of diction.

32. *A long one.* "The hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long *mark*, that is, *score*, *reckoning*, for her to bear. The use of *mark* in the singular number in familiar language (cf. *pound* in i. 2. 209 above) admits very well of this equivoque" (Douce).

34. *Fubbed off.* Put off with false excuses. *Fub* is the same word as *fob* = delude, trick, which some substitute here. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 97, etc.

39. *Malmsey-nose.* Cf. *red-nose* in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 51. *Malmsey* wine is mentioned in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 233 and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 161, 277.

47. *Channel.* Gutter; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 141: "As if a channel should be call'd the sea."

50. *Honey-suckle.* Homicidal; as *honey-seed* (and *hemp-seed* just below) is homicide. *Man-queller*, for man-killer or man-slayer, is an archaism rather than a blunder. Achilles calls Hector a "boy-queller" in *T. and C.* v. 5. 45.

57. *Woo't.* Wouldst; a provincial contraction. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 298: "Woo't weep? woo't fight?" etc.

59. *Away*, etc. This speech is given to "*Boy*" in the quarto, and to "*Page*" in the 1st and 2d folios; the later folios assign it to Falstaff, to whom it probably belongs.

Rampallian is found as a term of reproach in Beaumont and Fletcher, Greene, and other writers of the time. *Fustilarian*, which Schmidt is inclined to connect with *fustian* and Steevens with the Latin *fustis*, a club, is more probably from *fusty*, as Malone and Nares give it. *Fustilugs* was a contemptuous appellation for a very fat person. Cf. *Junius*, 1639: "You may daily see such fustilugs walking in the streets, like so many tuns, each moving on two pottlepots."

62. *Good my lord, be good to me.* The same expression occurs in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 203. *Good* = favourable, propitious.

64. *What are*, etc. Why are, etc. See on ind. 20 above.

76. *The mare.* That is, the nightmare.

79. *Exclamation.* Outcry against you. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 558, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 153, etc.

82. *Marry, if thou wert*, etc. Coleridge, in his *Essay on Method*, has given this speech as an example of "the absence of method which characterizes the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and

place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."

84. *Parcel-gilt.* Part-gilt, or gilt on the embossed portions. Steevens quotes from the books of the Stationers' Company, in the list of their plate, 1560: "Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii parcell-gylte." The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose. Of these spoons the saint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt. Holinshed, describing Wolsey's plate, says: "and in the council-chamber was all white and parcel-gilt plate." Langham says of a bride-cup that it was "foormed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turned foot set too it, all seemly besylvered and parcel-gilt."

Dolphin-chamber. On the custom of giving names to particular rooms in taverns, cf. "Half-moon" and "Pomgarnet" in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 30, 42.

86. *Wheeson.* Whitsun. The folio has "Whitson;" but the corruption is characteristic, like "Peesel" for *Pistol* in ii. 4. 126 below.

87. *Liking his father.* For *like* = liken, cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 48: "And like me to the peasant boys of France."

90. *Keech.* The word meant a lump of fat rolled up by the butcher for the chandler. For the personal application, cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 55, where Wolsey is so designated.

92. *Mess.* "The common term for a small portion of any thing belonging to the kitchen" (Steevens). Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 211: "I will chop her into messes."

119. *Current.* Genuine; suggested by the *sterling* in 118.

120. *Sneap.* Snubbing, reprimand; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 13 and *L. L. L.* i. 1. 100.

122. *Make courtesy.* In Shakespeare's day the form of obeisance known as *courtesy* or *curtsy* was used by men as well as women. Cf. *R. of L.* 1338: "The homely villain court'sies to her low," etc.

125. *I do desire deliverance*, etc. "Falstaff claimed the protec-

tion legally called *quia profecturus* (see *Coke upon Littleton*, 130 a). This is one of the many examples of Shakespeare's somewhat intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases" (Knight).

128. *In the effect of your reputation.* "In a manner suitable to your character" (Johnson).

141. *Glasses, glasses,* etc. Steevens remarks: "Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, not having been paid for the diet, etc., of Mary Queen of Scots while she was in his custody, in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bradewyn: 'I wold have you bye me glasses to drink in: Send me word what olde plat yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink, but I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.'"

142. *Drollery.* Apparently = a humorous painting. In *Temp.* iii. 3. 21, it may have the same sense, or = a puppet-show, as Nares explains it.

The Prodigal. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 5. 8: "There 's his chamber . . . 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new."

143. *The German hunting.* "Hunting subjects were much in favour for the decoration of interiors; and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke). Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 5. 16: "Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one." *In water-work* = in water-colours. This style of painting was done upon the walls (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1833, p. 393), like the modern frescos, and must not be confounded with the "painted cloth" hangings, which were done in oil.

144. *Bed-hangings.* Falstaff calls them so in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls (Johnson).

146. *Humours.* Caprices; as in ii. 3. 30 below.

147. *Wash thy face.* The poor dame has been crying. *Draw* = withdraw; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 25, etc.

152. *Nobles.* The *noble* was a gold coin, worth 6*s.* 8*d.* Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 88, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 112, 119, etc.

184. *Being you are.* It being the case that you are, since you are. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 251: "Being that I flow in grief," etc.

191. *Tap for tap.* That is, tit for tat; referring to his retaliation of the Justice's inattention to his questions.

193. *Lighten.* Enlighten; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 79: "a gem to lighten all this isle." Vaughan thinks there may be a play on *lighten;* but the Chief-Justice is too much out of temper for a pun here. See on i. 2. 185 above.

SCENE II. — 1. *Before God.* The folio substitutes "Trust me;" as it omits *Faith* in 4 just below.

3. *Attached.* Seized. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 5: "Who am myself attach'd with weariness."

4. *Discolours the complexion,* etc. That is, makes me blush.

8. *Studied.* Studious, inclined. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 48: "well studied for a liberal thanks," etc.

9. *Belike.* As it seems, very likely; as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 130, *Ham.* iii. 2. 149, 305, etc.

20. *When thou keepest not racket there.* "Showing that racket-players usually played in their shirt-sleeves; so that when Master Poins's stock of linen was worn out, he could not frequent the tennis-court, because he could not take off his coat at the game" (Clarke). That shirts were expensive in the time of S. is evident from 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 82 fol.

22. *Holland.* That is, Holland linen; with a play on the word. Cf. the passage in 1 *Hen. IV.* just quoted. The remainder of this speech is omitted in the folios.

23. *Bawl out.* That is, bawl out from. Cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 41: "when you have pushed out your gates the defender of them." The reference is to Poins's children wrapped up in his old shirts.

33. *Stand the push.* Stand the thrust. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 66.

35. *Marry.* The quarto spells it "Mary," which was the origin of the oath; and the folio changes it to "Why."

42. *The devil's book.* Alluding to the old belief that the devil had a register of the persons who were subject to him.

43. *Persistency.* That is, in evil. S. uses the word nowhere else.

46. *Ostentation.* Outward show. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 207: "a mourning ostentation."

54. *Accites.* Perhaps, as Schmidt considers it, a misprint for "excites," which the 3d folio substitutes. *Accite* (= cite, summon) occurs in v. 2. 141 below; also in *T. A.* i. 1. 27.

56. *Lewd.* Referring in a general way to his low tastes and associations, not = licentious. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 65, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 61, etc.

57. *Engraffed to.* Attached to, intimate with. Cf. *enrooted* in iv. 1. 207 below. For *graff* = graft, see v. 3. 2 below, and cf. *misgraffed* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 137.

62. *A proper fellow of my hands.* "A handsome fellow of my size" (Mason). For *proper*, cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23. It would seem from the context that the term here implied something of contempt. Vaughan remarks: "Possibly *a proper man of his hands* was a phrase often made use of to introduce qualifications discreditable to the object of them; as in Holinshed, for instance: 'a good man of his hands (as we call him), but perverse of mind, and very deceitful.'"

67. *Transformed him ape.* Elsewhere in S. the verb is followed by *to* or *into*.

69. *Most noble Bardolph.* A sportive response. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 86 and *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67.

73. *Red lattice.* An alehouse window. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 28: "your red-lattice phrases;" that is, your alehouse talk. In a note on the latter passage Steevens quotes *The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "'t is treason to the red lattice, enemy to the signpost." Malone cites Braithwaite, *Strapado for the Divell*, 1615: "Monsieur Bacchus, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordnance, prime founder of red lattices;" and Douce adds, from the *Blacke Booke*, 1604: "watched sometimes ten hours together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and sampling thy nose with the red Lattis."

78. *Profited.* Become proficient; that is, under Falstaff's training. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 172: —

> "and here
> Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
> Than other princess can."

See also *M. W.* iv. 1. 15, *T. of S.* iv. 2. 6, etc.

80. *Althæa's dream.* S. here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's (Johnson). The former is correctly referred to in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 234: "As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd." Clarke believes that the poet intended that the boy should blunder; but it is more likely that he was forgetful himself, as in sundry other mythological allusions.

88. *Cankers.* Canker-worms; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 3: "Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds."

96. *Martlemas.* Martinmas, or the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. It was considered the close of autumn, and the word probably has here the same significance as "All-hallown summer" in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 178. "But," as Clarke remarks, "there are so many allusions to 'Martlemas beef' in writers of Shakespeare's time — Martinmas being the season for salting, smoking, and hanging beef as winter provision — that it is very likely Prince Hal's name of *Martlemas* for Sir John may include this meaning also, since he elsewhere calls him 'my sweet *beef*' (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 199)."

101. *This wen.* "This swoln excrescence of a man" (Johnson).

110. *Borrower's.* The early eds. have "borrowed." The emendation is due to Warburton, who remarks: "a man that goes to borrow money is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand." Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 1. 18: —

> "Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
> With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when —
> 'Commend me to your master' — and the cap
> Plays in the right hand, thus — but tell him
> My uses cry to me," etc.

118. *Romans.* Some suppose the reference to be to Marcus Brutus, and others have thought that Julius Cæsar is meant.

131. *Twenty.* Warburton sagely asks: "Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty?" This is as good in its way as Judge Holmes's putting the use of *twenty* as an "expletive" among his "parallelisms" of expression in Bacon and Shakespeare.

Steevens says: "Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed, obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, the Sumner is compelled to do the like, and says on the occasion, 'I'll eat my word.' Harpoole replies, 'I meane you shall eate more than your own word, I'll make you eate all the words in the processe.'"

141. *Frank.* Sty; used by S. only here, but the verb (= to shut up in a sty) occurs in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 314 and iv. 5. 3.

144. *Ephesians.* Jolly companions; a cant term of that day, like *Corinthian* in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 5. 19: "it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls."

159. *Bestow.* Deport, behave. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 87, *K. John*, iii. 1. 225, etc.

161. *Leathern jerkins.* Commonly worn by vintners. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 77.

163. *Declension.* Decline, degradation. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 189 and *Ham.* ii. 4. 149.

SCENE III. — 11. *Endear'd.* Bound; as in *T. of A.* i. 2. 233 and iii. 2. 36.

17. *For.* As for, as regards; especially common at the beginning of a sentence. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 112, i. 5. 139, etc. *The God of heaven* is changed in the folio to "may heavenly glory."

21. *The glass*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form;" *Hen. V.* ii. chor. 6: "the mirror of all Christian kings," etc.

23–45. *He had . . . grave.* Omitted in the quarto.

24. *Speaking thick.* Speaking fast. *Tardily* in 26 is evidently antithetical to it. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 58: "say, and speak thick;" and *R. of L.* 1784: —

> "Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
> That no man could distinguish what he said."

25. *Became the accents of the valiant.* Came to be the utterance of all brave men. The plural *accents* is after the manner of S. when referring to more than one person. Cf. 55 just below, also iv. 1. 193. *Valiant* is here a trisyllable. See on ind. 26 above.

30. *Humours of blood.* Caprices of disposition. See on ii. 1. 146 above, and cf. iv. 4. 38 below.

31. *Glass, copy and book.* See on 21 above, and cf. also *R. of L.* 615: —

> "For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
> Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

36. *Abide.* Meet the perils of.

38. *Defensible.* Not *capable of defence*, but *furnishing the means of defence* (Malone).

45. *Beshrew.* A mild form of imprecation; as often.

47. *Ancient.* Former, bygone. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 33: "thy ancient thoughts;" *Cor.* iv. 1. 3: "your ancient courage," etc.

52. *Puissance.* A dissyllable here. See on i. 3. 9 above.

57. *So suffer'd.* Allowed thus to try his single strength.

59. *Remembrance.* Clarke (following Warburton) believes that the metaphor of a plant was suggested by "*rosemary*, which, as a symbol of remembrance, was used at marriages and funerals." Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 175: "rosemary, that's for remembrance."

61. *For recordation to.* In memory of. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 116: —

> "To make a recordation to my soul
> Of every syllable that here was spoke;"

that is, to recall to mind every syllable, etc.

64. *Still-stand.* Standstill; the only instance of either word in S.

SCENE IV. — 1. *The devil.* Omitted in the folio, like *Mass* just below. See on ii. 2. 1 and ii. 3. 17 above.

2. *Apple-johns.* A kind of apple, which kept two years, but became wrinkled and shrivelled. See 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 5: "withered like an old apple-john." The French called it *deux-ans.* Steevens quotes Cogan, *Haven of Health*, 1595: "The best apples that we have in England are pepins, deusants, costards, darlings, and such other;" and Hakluyt, *Voyages:* "the apple John that dureth two yeares."

10. *Cover.* Lay the table; as in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 57 and *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 32.

11. *Noise.* Band of musicians; the only instance of this sense in S. The word is often applied to *music*, as in *Temp.* iii. 2. 144, *Macb.* iv. 1. 106, etc.

12. *Some music.* The speech ends here in the folio. The quarto adds "Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight." Clarke remarks: "This shows that the apple-johns and the prepared table were for what was called an *after-supper*, a repast of fruit and wine, like the modern dessert, and which was frequently taken in a different room from that in which the more substantial meal was eaten." *Rere-supper* (or *rear-supper*) and *rere-banquet* were also = dessert.

17. *Old utis.* Great fun, rare sport. For *old* as an intensive, cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 15, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98, *Macb.* ii. 3. 2, etc. Cf. the modern slang phrase, "a high old time." *Utis* = merriment; from the Fr. *huit* as applied to the *octave* of a festival, or the eighth day after it.

25. *Canaries.* That is, Canary wine; mentioned also in *M. W.* iii. 2. 89 and *T. N.* i. 3. 85, 88. What Mrs. Quickly means by *canaries* in *M. W.* ii. 2. 61 is not so clear. *Quandary* has been suggested, but S. does not use the word.

31. *When Arthur first in court.* The ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques.* The lines there are

> "When Arthur first in court began,
> And was approved king."

34. *Calm.* Qualm; though, as White remarks, the two words were pronounced alike in the time of S.

35. *Sect.* If Mrs. Quickly had used the word, we should have no doubt that she meant *sex;* but in Falstaff's mouth it may be = class. Steevens gives sundry examples of *sect* = sex; as Marston, *Insatiate Countess:* "Deceives our sect of fame and chastity;" Beaumont and Fletcher, *Valentinian:* "The purest temple of her sect," etc. On the other hand, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a courtesan says, "I am none of that sect;" which is followed by the rejoinder, "Thy loving sect is an ancient sect, and an honourable," etc. Douce remarks: "Falstaff means to say that all courtesans, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick."

37. *Rascal.* The word *rascal* literally meant a deer in poor condition; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 58, etc. "He tells her she calls him wrong; being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal*" (Johnson). For the quibble, cf. v. 4. 27 below.

44. *Rheumatic.* Perhaps for "splenetic," as has been suggested. *Rheum* and *spleen* were sometimes confounded; as in Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, where Cob says, "Nay, I have my *rheum*, and can be *angry* as well as another;" to which Cash replies, "Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour; thou mistak'st." "The mutual asperities of *two dry toasts* when brought in contact with each other are sufficiently obvious to render Quickly's simile less ridiculous than is her general style of diction" (Clarke).

45. *The good-year.* A petty imprecation, of doubtful origin. Cf. 156 below, *Much Ado*, i. 3. 1, etc.

51. *Ancient.* Ensign; as often in *Oth.* and elsewhere. "Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*" (Johnson).

54. *It is.* Contemptuous. Cf. iii. 2. 269 below. See also *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. Elsewhere it expresses affectionate familiarity; as in *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "it is a peerless kinsman," etc.

58. *Swaggerers.* Bullies. Ritson quotes Cooke, *Greene's Tu*

Quoque: "drinke with a drunkard, be ciuill with a citizen, fight a swaggerer," etc. See also *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 14: "play the swaggerer."

66. *Tilly-fally.* Tilly-vally; a contemptuous exclamation. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 83; the only other instance in S.

80. *A tame cheater.* A cant phrase = a petty rogue, a low gamester. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Fair Maid of the Inn:* "By this decoy-duck, this tame cheater." Mrs. Quickly takes it to mean *escheator* (vulgarly called *cheater*) or officer of the exchequer.

82. *A Barbary hen.* A fowl whose feathers are naturally ruffled. In *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 151 we find mention of "a Barbary cock-pigeon."

104. *Companion.* Used contemptuously, as *fellow* is now. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!"

109. *Bung.* A cant name for a sharper, or pickpocket. Nares quotes *An Age for Apes*, 1655: —

> "My bung observing this, takes hold of time,
> Just as this lord was drawing for a prime,
> And smoothly nims his purse that lay beside him."

The word was also applied, in the thieves' dialect, to a pocket or purse. To *nip a bung* was to cut a purse.

111. *Cuttle.* A slang term for the knife used by cut-purses; hence for such characters themselves. *Basket-hilt stale juggler* = worn-out performer of sword-tricks.

113. *Since when*, etc. A scoffing inquiry. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 43: "Ay, when? Canst tell?"

114. *Two points.* "As a mark of his commission" (Johnson). See on i. 1. 53 above. The folio, as usual, omits the oath in this and the next speech. See on 1 above.

127. *Mouldy stewed prunes*, etc. "*Stewed prunes*, when *mouldy*, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as *stale pies* and *cakes* are at present" (Steevens). *Stewed prunes* were a common article of food in brothels.

128. *Will make the word captain odious.* The folio reading;

the quarto has: "will make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to it." *Occupy* had come to have an indecent sense in the time of S. Jonson in his *Discoveries* says: "Many out of their own obscene apprehensions refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, *nature*, and the like."

138. *Faitors.* The word, according to Minsheu's *Dict.*, is a corruption of the Fr. *faiseurs* = *factores*, doers; and it is used in a statute of the time of Richard II. for *evil-doers*. Spenser uses it in the sense of traitor, villain; as in *F. Q.* i. 4. 47:—

> "By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
> His worthie shield;"

and *Id.* iv. 1. 44: "False faitour, Scudamour," etc.

Have we not Hiren here? A lost play by George Peele was entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*, from which this is probably a quotation. Steevens quotes the old comedy of *Law Tricks*, 1608:—

> "What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?
> Have we not Hiren here?"

Massinger's *Old Law*:—

> "*Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.
> *Cook.* Siren! 't was Hiren, the fair Greek, man;"

and Dekker, *Satiromastix*: "whilst we have Hiren here, speak, my little dish-washers." *Hiren* is a corruption of *Irene*. Pistol applies it to his sword, but Mrs. Quickly supposes him to be inquiring for some woman.

141. *Beseek.* Intended as a blunder for *beseech*, though it is really an old form and pronunciation of that word. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 918: "But we biseken mercy."

143. *And hollow*, etc. Pistol's misquotation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 2d Part, iv. 4:—

> "Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
> What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

145. *Cannibals.* For *Hannibals.*

147. *Let the welkin roar.* Steevens finds the expression in two ballads of the time.

148. *Toys.* Trifles. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 3, *Ham.* iv. 5. 18, etc.

158. *Then feed,* etc. A burlesque of *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says: "Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calipolis;" and again, "Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more;" and again: "Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe," etc. (Steevens).

160. *Si fortune,* etc. As printed in both quarto and folio, except that the latter has "contente." Farmer remarks: "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies:* —

'Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'"

Correct Italian would read "Se" for "Si" and "La" for "Il" (*speranza* being feminine). The meaning of the couplet is, "If fortune torments me, hope contents me." Douce gives an illustration of a sword with a French version of the motto, "Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente."

163. *Come we to full points,* etc. "That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment?" (Johnson). There is a play on *points,* as in *T. N.* i. 5. 25 and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238.

165. *Neif.* Fist; also spelt *neaf.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 20 (Bottom's speech): "Give me thy neif."

166. *The seven stars.* The Pleiades. Cf. *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 16 and *Lear,* i. 5. 38.

168. *Fustian.* Nonsensical; used again as an adjective in *T. N.* ii. 5. 119: "A fustian riddle!"

169. *Galloway nags.* "That is, common hackneys" (Johnson). The Galloway horses were a small and inferior breed.

171. *Quoit him.* Pitch him; the only instance of the verb in S., as 222 below is the only one of the noun. *Shove-groat* was a game similar to *shovel-board*, but on a smaller scale. It was played on a board or table, three or four feet long and about a foot wide, with a diagram on one end divided into nine partitions marked with the nine digits. The coin (at first the silver *groat*, afterwards the *shilling*) was *shoved* or slid from the other end of the board, the aim being to land it in one of the numbered spaces. Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 5: "run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling;" and *The Roaring Girl:* "and away slid my man, like a shovel-board shilling." See also *M. W.* i. 1. 159: "and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and twopence apiece." Taylor the Water Poet calls the game *shove-board*, and in a note he says that Edward VI. shillings were then generally used in playing it. He makes one of these coins say: —

> "You see my face is beardlesse, smooth, and plaine,
> Because my soveraigne was a child 't is knowne,
> When as he did put on the English crowne;
> But had my stamp beene bearded, as with haire,
> Long before this it had beene worne out bare;
> For why, with me the unthrifts every day,
> With my face downward, do at shove-board play."

175. *Imbrue.* Thisbe also uses the word in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 351: "Come, blade, my breast imbrue."

176. *Then death*, etc. Steevens says that this is a fragment of a song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn: —

> "O death rock me on slepe,
> Bring me on quiet rest," etc.

Reed adds, from *Arnold Cosbie's Ultimum Vale to the Vaine World, an elegie written by himselfe in the Marshalsea, after his condemnation, for murthering Lord Brooke*, 1591: —

"O death, rock me asleepe! Father of heaven,
That hast sole power to pardon sinnes of men,
Forgive the faults and follies of my youth."

178. *Atropos.* The *Sisters Three* are apostrophized by Thisbe in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 343; and in the same speech she alludes to the "shears" of *Atropos*, but the name of the goddess occurs in S. only in the present passage.

179. *Toward.* At hand, in preparation. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 81: "What! a play toward?"

184. *Tirrits.* Mrs. Quickly's own word, and "probably = *terrors*" (Schmidt).

190. *Shrewd.* Evil, mischievous; the original sense. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 179: "shrewd days," etc.

197. *Chops.* Poins applies the same epithet to Falstaff in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 151: "You will, chops?"

200. *The Nine Worthies.* These were commonly said to be three Gentiles: Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar; three Jews: Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; and three Christians: Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. In *L. L. L.* v. 1. 125 fol. and v. 2. 486 fol. Pompey and Hercules are reckoned among the nine.

205. *Quicksilver.* Used as a simile for swiftness in the only other instance of the word in S., *Ham.* i. 5. 66: "swift as quicksilver."

207. *Tidy.* The word occurs nowhere else in S., and its meaning here is disputed. It means fat in a passage from an old translation of *Galateo on Manners and Behaviour*, 1578, cited by Reed; and Gawin Douglas uses it in the same sense in his *Virgil.* It was sometimes = nimble, agile, and Malone believes that to be the meaning here.

Roast *pig* was one of the attractions of *Bartholomew Fair.* "A more appropriate image for representing the appearance of the rotund Falstaff, hot, glistening, reeking, from his encounter with the pestiferous Pistol, could hardly be devised" (Clarke).

208. *Foining.* Thrusting. See on ii. 1. 16 above.

214. *Pantler.* The servant who had charge of the pantry. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 56: "This day she was both pantler, butler, cook," etc.

218. *Tewksbury mustard.* Tewksbury (or Tewkesbury), in the county of Gloucester, was formerly noted for mustard.

222. *Conger.* A kind of eel. For *fennel*, cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 180. "The fennel was perhaps used as a dressing for the conger, as parsley is now for other fish" (White). Beisly says it was used "with fish hard of digestion." Why the dish is mentioned has not been satisfactorily explained.

223. *Flap-dragons.* "A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief" (Johnson). *Rides the wild mare* = plays at see-saw (Schmidt). *Joined-stools*, or *joint-stools*, were a kind of folding-chair. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 418 and *R. and J.* i. 5. 7.

226. *Sign.* That is, a sign over the shop-door of a boot-maker.

227. *Breeds no bate*, etc. "Creates no disturbance by telling decent stories; the inference being that, in the company frequented by the Prince and Poins, indecent stories would be preferred, and decent ones resented as inappropriate" (Clarke). For *bate* (= contention), cf. the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*: —

> "Shall ever civil bate
> Gnaw and devour our taste?"

and *Mirror for Magistrates*: "She set my brother first with me at bate." The word occurs elsewhere in S. only in the compounds *bate-breeding* (in *V. and A.* 655: "this bate-breeding spy") and *breed-bate* (in *M. W.* i. 4. 12: "no tell-tale nor breed-bate"). Cf. *make-bate* in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*: "So that love in her passions, like a right make-bate, whispered to both sides arguments of quarrel."

233. *Nave of a wheel.* Alluding to "Sir John's combined *knavery* and rotundity."

239. *Saturn and Venus*, etc. "This was, indeed, a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined" (Johnson).

241. *Fiery Trigon.* A *trigon* is a triangle. The astrologers divided the zodiacal signs into four *trigons* or *triplicities:* one consisting of the three *fiery* signs (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, respectively, of three airy, three watery, and three earthy signs. When the three superior planets were in the three fiery signs they formed a *fiery trigon;* when in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *watery* one, etc.

242. *Lisping to his master's old tables.* Making love to his master's old mistress. Steevens says: "Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *lisp* a little in his courtship; or he might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's *Frere:* —

> 'Somewhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
> To make his English swete upon his tonge.'"

Malone remarks that *lisping* is "saying soft things," and compares *M. W.* iii. 3. 77: "Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot, but I love thee," etc.

For *tables* = table-book, or memorandum-book, cf. iv. 1. 201 below, and *Ham.* i. 5. 107.

244. *Busses.* The only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *K. John*, iii. 4. 35, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 220, etc.

250. *Kirtle.* A garment concerning which the commentators have much disputed. See nearly two pages on the subject in the *Variorum* of 1821. It seems to have been made sometimes like a petticoat, sometimes like an apron, sometimes like a tunic, sometimes like a cloak. Schmidt defines it as "a jacket, with a petticoat attached to it;" and the *half-kirtle* (see v. 4. 18 below) as either the jacket or the petticoat attached. The words occur nowhere else in S. We find *kirtle* in *P. P.* 363, but the song is Marlowe's, not Shakespeare's.

256. *Hearken the end.* The meaning seems to be "wait, and judge when all is done." Schmidt is doubtful whether it means this or "listen to the end of the piece of music."

258. *Anon, anon, sir.* The usual answer of the drawers. See 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 5 fol.

260. *Poins his brother.* Ritson explains this as = *Poins's brother*, and the editors generally adopt the interpretation. It may be the right one, but perhaps there is quite as humorous a sarcasm in calling Poins the Prince's *brother*.

261. *Continents.* Probably used as carrying out the metaphor in *globe*.

272. *By this light flesh*, etc. Rowe added here the stage direction, "*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*" *Light* = wanton; as often.

276. *Take not the heat.* That is, strike while the iron is hot. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 312: "We must do something, and i' the heat." Clarke makes the expression = "get the start of him, get ahead of him."

278. *Candle-mine.* Mine or magazine of tallow.

284. *When you ran away*, etc. See 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 295 fol.

305. *To close with us.* In order to make your peace with us. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 202: —

> "It would become me better than to close
> In terms of friendship with thine enemies."

See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 830: "Close with him (make terms with him), give him gold," etc.

309. *Dead elm.* Poins calls him so "perhaps on account of the weak support which he had given to Doll" (Schmidt). Cf. the only other instances of *elm* in S.: *C. of E.* ii. 2. 176 and *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 49.

310. *Pricked down.* Marked down. Cf. iii. 2. 111, 115, 143, 146, etc. below.

312. *Malt-worms.* Ale-topers. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 83.

317. *Burns, poor soul.* That is, with disease. The early eds. have "burns poor souls," which some eds. retain.

323. *Contrary to the law.* Several statutes of the time of Elizabeth and James I. forbade victuallers to furnish flesh during Lent.

329. *His grace.* Falstaff plays upon the word *grace.*

331. *At door.* A contraction still in provincial use, according to Clarke. Bardolph also uses it in 351 below; but Falstaff (348) says "at the door."

342. *The south.* The south wind, always represented by S. as damp and disagreeable. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 50: "like foggy south," etc.

343. *Borne.* Laden, freighted.

346. *The sweetest morsel of the night.* Cf. v. 3. 49 below: "now comes in the sweet o' the night."

362. *Peascod-time.* The time of year when peas are in pod.

But an honester and truer-hearted man, —. "These valedictory words (printed also in the folio with a dash, to indicate a broken speech, as if unfinished from incapacity to express all she feels of admiration) uttered by hostess Quickly after nearly thirty years' experience of Sir John's honesty and truth, serve better than pages of commentary upon his powers of fascination to show how strong is the spell he exercises upon the judgment and affections of those with whom he associates" (Clarke).

369. [*She comes blubbered.*] The quarto reads: "come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll?" The speech in the folio is simply, "*Host.* Oh runne *Dol,* runne: runne, good *Dol.*" Dyce was the first to see here that a stage-direction (as not unfrequently happened) had got into the text. For *blubbered,* cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 87: "Blubbering and weeping."

ACT III

Scene I. — The whole scene is omitted in some copies of the quarto. See p. 10 above.

2. *O'er-read.* Read over, peruse; as in *Sonn.* 81. 10, *J. C.* iii.

1. 4, and *Lear*, i. 2. 38. So *over-read* in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 212. Cf. 36 below.

3. *Consider.* Often followed by *of*, as here. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 113, iii. 6. 133, *J. C.* iii. 2. 114, *Macb.* iii. 1. 75, etc.

17. *A watch-case.* A sentry-box. Hanmer says: "This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns on some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which was to ring out in case of fire or any approaching danger." Holt White makes it refer to an alarm-watch or clock. *Larum* is the uniform spelling in S., not "'larum," as usually given in modern eds. *Alarum* also occurs; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 35, etc.

19. *Ship-boy's.* The word is found also in *K. John*, iv. 3. 4 and *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 8. Cf. *shipman* in *Macb.* i. 3. 17, etc.

24. The *clouds* seem to be called *slippery* as not being able to retain the billows thrown up to them (Steevens).

25. *That. So* that. See on i. 1. 197 above. For *hurly* (= tumult), cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 169: "I see this hurly all on foot," etc.

28. *Most stillest.* Double comparatives and superlatives are frequent in S. Cf. iv. 5. 201 below.

30. *Then, happy low, lie down!* The quarto reads: "then (happy) low lie downe;" the folio: "Then happy Lowe, lye downe." As Steevens remarks, the sense seems to be: "You who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing." Various alterations have been proposed.

33. *Is it good morrow?* Is it morning? The salutation was used only before noon. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 166: "Is the day so young?"

35. *All.* Again applied to two persons in 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 26: "as all you know," etc.

41. *It is but as a body yet distemper'd.* It is as yet only a body disordered, or out of health. Transpositions of *yet* are common.

43. *Little.* That is, *a* little. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 174.

50. *Ocean.* A trisyllable; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 32, *K. John*,

ii. 1. 340, etc. See on ind. 26 above. On the passage, cf. *Sonn.* 64. 5: "When I have seen the hungry ocean gain," etc.

53–56. *O, if this . . . and die.* Omitted in the folios, where the imperfect line *'T is not ten years gone* fills out 53. White remarks of the lines: "If S. ever wrote them, I believe that he omitted them because of their weakness; but I more than doubt that he did write this feeble whine, which seems all the feebler because it is made the needless sequent of the manly and majestic aspiration that precedes it. . . . It is a square block of puling commonplace let into a grand and vigorous passage."

64. *To the eyes.* To the face; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 161: "Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes." Cf. *Id.* i. 1. 69.

65. *But which of you*, etc. "He refers to *Rich. II.* iv. 2; but whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation" (Johnson).

66. *Nevil.* As Steevens notes, the earldom of Warwick was then in the family of Beauchamp, and did not come into that of the Nevils till many years after, in the latter part of the reign of Henry VI., when it descended to Anne Beauchamp (the daughter of the earl here introduced), who was married to Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury.

68. *Check'd.* Reproved. See on i. 2. 198 above.

72. *Had no such intent*, etc. "He means '*I should have had* no such intent, but that necessity,' etc.; or S. has here forgotten his former play, or has chosen to make Henry forget his situation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown" (Malone). Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 113: "In God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne."

74. *To kiss.* Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 238: "To join like likes, and kiss like native things."

75. *Shall come.* Changed by Johnson to "will come," to correspond with the next line. Clarke remarks: "The present forms a notable instance of that purposed variation in repeated phrases that S. occasionally gives with so much naturalness of effect. Here the

variation occurs in a repeated sentence uttered by the selfsame speaker, and one following immediately upon the other; but in repeating it he varies one word of it, just as persons do in actual life, and just as Shakespeare's people do."

85. *Intreasured.* Laid up. Cf. *entreasured* in *Per.* iii. 2. 65.

86. *Hatch.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 174: "the hatch and the disclose," etc.

87. *This.* Used in a general way, referring to "this history of the times deceased" (Henley) or "the instance which the king has been recounting of Northumberland's previous conduct" (Clarke).

98. *Please it.* May it please. See on i. 1. 5 above.

103. *Instance.* Proof. Cf. iv. 1. 83 below.

105. *Unseason'd.* Unseasonable; as in *M. W.* ii. 2. 174: "this unseasoned intrusion." For *perforce*, see on i. 1. 165 above.

Scene II. — 3. *Rood.* Cross, crucifix. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 77, iv. 4. 165, etc.

9. *Ousel.* Blackbird; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 128: "The ousel cock so black of hue." There it is spelt "woosel" in the early eds., as it is here in the quarto. "Master Silence speaks with mock-modest disparagement of his pretty dark-haired daughter" (Clarke).

15. *Clement's Inn.* One of the "Inns of Chancery," which were subsidiary to the "Inns of Court." See on 31 below.

16. *Mad.* Madcap, merry; as in 32 below.

22. *Cotswold man.* The quarto has "Cotsole man," and the 1st folio "Cot-sal-man;" both of which indicate the common pronunciation of the word. *Cotswold* (open downs in Gloucestershire) was celebrated in the poet's time for athletic sports and the skill of the natives therein. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 9.

23. *Swinge-bucklers.* Roisterers. *Swash-bucklers* was used in the same sense. Steevens quotes Nash, addressing Gabriel Harvey, 1598: "*Turpe senex miles*, 't is time for such an olde foole to leave playing the swash-buckler." Cf. *swashers* in *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 30.

24. *Page to Thomas Mowbray*, etc. One of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle in 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk.

29. *Skogan's head.* There were two noted persons of the name, the one a poet and the other a jester, and there has been much controversy as to which of them is here referred to. John Scogan, "being an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of King Edward IV." (Warton). Henry Scogan, the poet, is described by Ben Jonson, in *The Fortunate Isles*, as

> "a fine gentleman, and master of arts
> Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises
> For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal
> Daintily well."

A book of "Scogin's Jests" was published by Andrew Borde in 1565, and may have suggested the name to Shakespeare. The subject is discussed to the extent of nearly three pages in the *Variorum* of 1821.

30. *Crack.* A pert boy. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 74:—

> "*Valeria.* Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.
> *Virgilia.* A crack, madam."

31. *Gray's Inn.* One of the four great "Inns of Court," which are "incorporations for the study of law, possessing by common law the exclusive privilege of calling to the bar." In the Hall of Gray's Inn (built about 1560) Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was acted in 1594.

37. *How a*, etc. How *go* a, or how *sell* a, etc. Cf. 48 below, and the answer to the question.

45. *Clapped i' the clout.* Hit the white mark in the target. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 136: "Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout." *At twelve score* = twelve score yards.

46. *A forehand shaft.* A kind of shaft referred to — not very

clearly — by Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, as follows: "Agayne the bygg-brested shafte is fytte for hym which shoteth right afore him, or els the brest, being weke, should never wythstande that strong piththy kinde of shootynge; thus the underhande must have a small breste, to go cleane awaye out of the bowe, the forehande must have a bigge breste, to bere the great myghte of the bowe."

Fourteen and a half. That is, two hundred and ninety yards. Malone remarks: "The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow." To *hit a mark* at twelve score was, however, a more extraordinary feat than merely sending a shaft fourteen and a half. Instances are recorded of shots at eighteen score.

49. *Thereafter as they be.* According as they turn out. The *good* which follows is emphatic. The price mentioned is that of the poet's time.

60. *Tall.* Stout, sturdy. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 7: "much tall youth," etc.

63. *Backsword man.* "Fencer at single-sticks" (Schmidt).

70. *Accommodated.* "This was one of the words that were fashionably affected and brought in upon every occasion by gallants in Shakespeare's time, and which affectation he has satirized. Its favour among would-be martial men is indicated by Bardolph's affirming it to be *a soldier-like word;* while the absurd way in which it was hacked and introduced upon all occasions, pertinent or not pertinent, and without the slightest idea as to what was its real meaning, is slily shown by Bardolph's floundering in his attempted definition of the word" (Clarke). Cf. Jonson, *Discoveries:* "You are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as accommodation, complement, spirit, &c., but use them properly in their places as others." He ridicules it also in *Every Man in his Humour* (quoted by Steevens): —

> "Hostess, accommodate us with another bedstaff. —
> The woman does not understand the words of action."

86. *Surecard.* "*Surecard* was used as a term for a *boon companion* so lately as the latter end of the last [18th] century" (Malone).

111. *Prick him.* Mark him, put him on the list. See on ii. 4. 310 above.

121. *Other.* Others; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 91: "Amidst the other," etc. See also quotation from Stowe in note on 283 below.

130. *Son.* There is a play on the word, in antithesis to *shadow.*

132. *Much.* The expression is ironical. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 2: "Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!"

135. *Shadows to fill up*, etc. "That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson). Steevens quotes *Barnabie Riches Souldiers Wishe to Britons Welfare*, 1604: "One speciall meane that a shifting captaine hath to deceive his prince, is in his number, to take pay for a whole company, when he hath not halfe."

151. *A woman's tailor.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 61: —

> "Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
> Lay forth the gown."

See the whole dialogue that follows. Cf. also *Clitus, Character of a Zealous Neighbour:* "Hee buyes his wive's gownes ready made, fearing (belike) some false measure from the tayler."

155. *Battle.* Battalion, army. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 78 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 129.

167. *Put him to.* Put him *for*, employ him as.

168. *So many thousands.* "In several instances where his contemporary playwrights would have made occasion for coarse expression, S. has managed to word allusions with comparative decency; as witness Falstaff's hint at the swarming condition of Wart's ragged garments" (Clarke). Cf. also *Lear*, iii. 4. 164.

187. *Take such order.* Take such measures, give such orders; as in *Oth.* v. 2. 72, etc.

190. *Two more.* "*Five* only have been called, and the number

required is *four*. The restoration of the sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bullcalf are set aside, Falstaff gets but *three* recruits" (Malone). S. was careless in these little matters.

196. *Since*. When. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 149: —

"Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory," etc.

204. *Could away with me*. Could endure me. Reed remarks that the expression had not become obsolete even in the time of Locke. Cf. his *Conduct of the Understanding*: "with those alone he converses, and can away with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret or dissoluteness inspires." See also *Isaiah*, i. 13.

210. *Cannot choose but be*. Cannot help being. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 278, v. 2. 45, etc.

214. *That 's fifty-five year ago*. If Falstaff was then "a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray" (see 24 above), he must now be at least seventy. For the plural *year*, cf. *pound* in i. 2. 228 above and 251 below, and *mile* in v. 5. 65 below.

217. *Said I well?* Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 11: "said I well, bully Hector?"

222. *Hem, boys!* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 16: "Bid sorrow wag, cry hem," etc.

225. *Corporate*. A blunder for *Corporal*.

226. *Harry ten shillings*. There were no ten-shilling coins until the time of Henry VII. (Douce).

227. *Had as lief*. See on i. 2. 42 above.

241. *Bear a base mind*. For *bear a mind* = have a disposition, cf. *V. and A.* 202, *R. of L.* 1148, 1540, *Temp.* ii. 1. 266, *T. N.* ii. 1. 30, etc.

242. *So*. A common use of the word = so be it. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 545, v. 3. 60, 64, etc.

244. *Quit*. Exempt; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 122, etc.

250. *Three pound.* Johnson says: "Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit." Of course he did. The amount paid was above the average for that day. See 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 13.

266. *Thews.* Muscle. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 81 and *Ham.* i. 3. 12.

267. *Assemblance.* That is, *tout ensemble.* S. uses the word only here.

269. *Charge you.* The *you* is the "expletive" pronoun. Cf. *Put me* in 278 below.

271. *Swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.* Referring to the quick motion with which brewers' men sling the beer-bucket on each end of the *gibbet* (or yoke across the shoulders) in carrying beer from the vat to the barrel.

272. *Half-faced.* With so thin and sharp a figure that he looks like the profile of a man. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 208: "half-fac'd fellowship."

274. *Foeman.* Steevens says: "This is an obsolete term for an *enemy in war.*" It is in common use in our day, at least in poetry.

278. *Caliver.* A kind of musket. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 21. Steevens quotes *The Masque of Flowers*, 1613: "The serjeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a caliver." He adds: "It is singular that S., who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation." Some have suspected such an allusion in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 41: "took it in snuff;" but probably perfumed powder is there meant. Judge Hosmer, author of a "Baconian" book, believes that the *weed* in Sonn. 76. 6 is tobacco!

280. *Traverse.* March. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 378: "traverse, go," etc.

283. *Chopt.* The reading of the early eds. for which the modern ones generally substitute "chapt" or "chapped," which means the same. *Shot* is used for *shooter.* We still speak of "a good shot," etc. Cf. Stowe's *Annales*, 1631: "men with armour, . . . the

greater part whereof were shot, and other were pikes and halberts, in faire corslets."

284. *Scab.* A term of contempt, here used with quibbling reference to Wart's name. Cf. the play on the word in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 107 and *Cor.* i. 1. 169.

285. *Tester.* Sixpence; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 96: "Tester I'll have in pouch," etc. Cf. *testril* in *T. N.* ii. 3. 34. We find the verb *testern* (= give a tester) in *T. G. of V.* 1. i. 153.

287. *Mile-End Green.* The place in the suburbs of London for public sports, and also for military drill. According to Stowe, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised there in 1585. In *Barnabie Riches Souldiers Wishe* (see on 135 above), we find contemptuous mention of "a trayning at Mile-end greene."

288. *Lay* = resided. Cf. iv. 2. 97 below.

Sir Dagonet. The story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthure*, where he is the king's squire. *Arthur's Show* was an exhibition of archery by a society who styled themselves "The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members, fifty-eight in number, took the names of the knights in the old romance, and their usual place of meeting was Mile-End Green.

289. *Quiver.* Nimble, active; used by S. nowhere else. Henderson quotes *Bartholomeus*, 1535: "There is a maner fishe that hyght mugill, which is full quiver and swifte."

292. *Bounce.* Bang. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce."

306. *At a word.* In a word (= briefly, but what I mean). Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 15: "I am at a word; follow" (that is, I am not of many words).

311. *Fetch off.* "Fleece, make a prey of" (Schmidt). In *W. T.* i. 2. 334 it is = make away with.

315. *Turnbull Street.* A corruption of Turnmill Street, a disreputable quarter in London. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley:* "You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-street rogue;" and Beaumont and

Fletcher, *Scornful Lady:* "Here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, swearing, &c., we have all lived in a perpetual Turnbull-street."

322. *Invincible.* "Not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt). Some eds. change it to "invisible."

326. "*Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the common titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Good-nights* is published among his *Flowers*" (Steevens).

This Vice's dagger. Alluding to the wooden dagger of the *Vice* in the old moralities. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 136 and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 151.

328. *Sworn brother.* Alluding to the *fratres jurati* of the times of chivalry. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 107, *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73, etc.

330. *Burst.* Broke. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 8: "the glasses you have burst," etc.

332. *His own name.* That is, a *gaunt* fellow. Cf. Gaunt's death-bed playing on his own name in *Rich II.* ii. 1. 74 fol. See also on iv. 5. 129 below.

333. *Eel-skin.* Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 141.

335. *Beefs.* "Beeves" (the folio reading). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 168: "muttons, beefs, or goats."

337. *A philosopher's two stones.* That is, double the value of the philosopher's stone, or "more than the philosopher's stone" (Johnson). "Falstaff thus vaunts his power of transferring men's money from their pocket to his own as surpassing that of the philosopher's stone to transmute base metals into gold; and the result proves his boast to be no empty one, for he afterwards succeeds in obtaining 'a thousand pound' from Master Shallow" (Clarke). See v. 5. 12 below.

338. *If the young dace*, etc. "That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow" (Johnson). Vaughan remarks: "The piscatorial metaphor of Falstaff seems peculiarly natural to one born on the banks of the

Avon, where probably the best kind of angling was trolling for pike with dace or gudgeon for bait."

340. *And there an end.* And there's no more to say about it. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 4. 28, *Rich II.* v. 1. 69, etc.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 2. *Gaultree.* So spelled in the folios. Holinshed (see p. 161 above) has "Galtree." The forest of Galtres anciently extended to the north of the city of York, and comprised nearly 100,000 acres of land. It remained a royal forest until 1670, when an act of parliament was obtained for its division and enclosure. It is the "Calaterium Nemus" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who makes it the scene of his story of Arthegal and Elidure.

3. *Discoverers.* Scouts.

8. *New-dated.* Of recent date. S. is fond of compounds with *new.* Cf. i. 2. 149 above.

10. *Here doth he wish,* etc. He wishes he could have been here in person, etc. For *powers* = forces, cf. iv. 2. 61 below.

11. *Hold sortance.* Be in accordance. Cf. *sort with* in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 55 and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 63.

13. *Ripe.* Ripen, mature; as in *K. John,* ii. 1. 472, etc.

15. *Overlive.* Outlive, survive; used by S. only here.

16. *Opposite.* Opponent, adversary; as in i. 3. 55 above. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 68, iii. 4. 253, 293, etc.

23. *Gave them out.* Declared them, said they were.

24. *Sway.* "This verb has excellent effect thus employed, to give the idea of a military movement, a body of forces sweeping heavily, yet impetuously, on in a given direction" (Clarke). Johnson compares the use of the noun in Milton, *P. L.* vi. 251 (which he misquotes): "with huge two-handed sway Brandish'd aloft," etc.

34. *Bloody.* "Sanguine, or full of blood and of those passions

which blood is supposed to incite or nourish" (Johnson). Malone compares *M. W.* v. 5. 99: "Lust is but a bloody fire." For *guarded* = trimmed, decked, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 164, *Hen. VIII.* prol. 16, etc.

42. *Civil.* Well-ordered; or perhaps, as Steevens makes it, "grave, solemn." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 10: "Come, civil Night," etc.

45. *White investments.* Dr. Grey says that formerly all bishops wore white (the episcopal *rochet*) even when they travelled.

50. *Greaves.* Steevens's conjecture for the "graves" of the early eds. According to some, the latter is only another way of spelling *greaves.* Herford attempts to defend "graves" thus: 'As *books* result from the exercise of the graceful 'speech of peace,' so 'graves' from the exercise of the boisterous tongue of war;" but this seems a forced interpretation.

52. *Point.* "A signal given by the blast of a trumpet" (Schmidt). Many passages in the old dramatists confirm this explanation.

55–79. *And . . . wrong.* Omitted in the quarto.

57. *Bleed.* That is, be bled. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 157: "Our doctors say this is no month to bleed."

60. *I take not on me here as a physician.* I do not profess to be a physician. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 242: —

> "this pernicious slave,
> Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer," etc.

69. *Griefs.* Grievances; as in 77 and 110 below.

71. *Sphere.* Warburton's correction of the "there" of the folios, and generally adopted; but some editors retain "there," making *most quiet* = greatest quiet (cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 44: "my most stay," etc.) and "there" = therein, referring to *the stream of life.*

72. *Occasion.* A quadrisyllable here. See on ind. 26 above. Cf. *commission* in 162 below.

83. *Instance.* Proof, illustration. See on iii. 1. 103 above.

84. *Ill-beseeming.* Unbecoming. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 76, iii. 3. 113, etc. We have *well-beseeming* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 14.

90. *Grate on.* Vex, worry. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 6: "I have grated upon my good friends," etc. The metaphor is similar to that in *galled.*

93. *Commotion* = insurrection; as in 36 and ii. 4. 342 above. For *edge* = sword, cf. 1. *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 17: "The edge of war;" *Rich. III.* v. 5. 35: "the edge of traitors," etc.

This line and 95 below are omitted in the folios and in some copies of the quarto. It is the opinion of some of the critics that several lines have been lost here and the remaining ones displaced. Various attempts at rearrangement and emendation have been made.

94. *My brother*, etc. This speech, as it stands, is thus explained by Clarke: "The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the king's order. Cf. 1. *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 270: —

> "who bears hard
> His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop."

97. *Redress.* This favours the supposition that something has been lost above, "since it is said in reply, and as if *redress* had been one of the words used by the archbishop."

98. *Not.* For the transposition, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt," etc. See also 107 below.

103–139. *O, my good . . . the king.* Omitted in the quarto.

104. *To.* According to.

107. *Yet for your part*, etc. "Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*" (Johnson).

116. *Force perforce.* A more emphatic form of *perforce*, and like

that sometimes = by force, sometimes = of necessity (see on i. 3. 72 above). Cf. iv. 4. 46 below, where it has the latter sense.

117. For the events referred to, see *Rich. II.* i. 3.

120. *In charge.* "In rest" for the charge or encounter. For *beaver* (= the movable front of the helmet), cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 230: "his beaver up," etc.

121. *Sights.* The eye-holes of the helmet.

125. *Warder.* Truncheon or staff of command. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 118: "Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down."

127. *Then threw he down himself,* etc. Cf. Antony's speech in *J. C.* iii. 2. 195: "Then I, and you, and all of us fell down," etc.

129. *Miscarried.* Perished, been lost; the most common sense in S. Cf. iv. 2. 46 below.

131. *Earl.* He was *Duke* of Hereford (Malone). See *Rich. II.* Elsewhere (see *A. W.* iii. 5. 12, 19, *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 103, *R. and J.* iii. 4. 21) S. uses *earl* loosely of foreign noblemen (= count).

135. *Coventry.* The place where the lists were held. See *Rich. II.* i. 3.

145. *Every thing set off.* The phrase is ambiguous, and thus serves the speaker's purpose. *Set off* may be = cast out, ignored, or = rendered account for.

149. *Overween.* Think arrogantly. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 29, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 147, etc. See also Milton, *Sonn.* 4. 6:—

> "and they that overween,
> And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen," etc.

151. *Within a ken.* Within sight. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 6: "Thou wast within a ken;" *R. of L.* 1114: "'T is double death to die in ken of shore," etc.

154. *Battle.* Army. See on iii. 2. 155 above, and cf. 179 below. *Names* = great names, or men of note.

161. *Handling.* A trisyllable here.

164. *Determine.* Followed by *of;* as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 181, *Rich. III,* iii. 4. 2, *R. and J.* iii. 2. 51, etc.

166. *Intended.* Understood, implied (Fr. *entendu*).

167. *I muse,* etc. I wonder that you can ask a question so frivolous. For *muse,* cf. *K. John,* iii. 1. 317, *Cor.* iii. 2. 7, etc.

172. *Insinewed.* Joined, allied. Cf. *K. John,* v. 2. 63 : —

> " so nobles, shall you all
> That knit your sinews to the strength of mine."

See also 177 below.

173. *By a true substantial form.* "That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity" (Johnson).

174. *Present.* Immediate ; as often. Cf. iv. 3. 73 below.

175. *Confin'd.* "What they demand is, a speedy execution of their wills, so far as they relate to themselves, and to the grievances which they *proposed* to redress" (Mason). Some editors adopt Johnson's conjecture of "consign'd." He explained the amended passage thus : "Let the execution of our demands be put into our hands, according to our declared purposes." Malone followed Johnson, but made "consigned" = "sealed, ratified, confirmed" (cf. v. ii. 143 below).

176. *Our awful banks.* "The proper limits of reverence" (Johnson). For *awful* = filled with awe or reverence, cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 76 : "To pay their awful duty to our presence."

187. *Consist.* Either = stand, rest (as explained by Malone) or = " insist," which Rowe substituted. Cf. *Per.* i. 4. 83 : "Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist." The context (cf. 165 and 184 above) favours the former interpretation.

189. *Our valuation.* That is, the king's estimate or opinion of us.

191. *Nice.* Trivial. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 159 : "The letter was not nice, but full of charge."

192. *Action.* A trisyllable. See on 72 above, and cf. *partition* in 196 just below.

193. *That. So* that. See on i. 1. 197 above, and cf. 216 below. *Our royal faiths* = our faith or fidelity to the king. For the plural, see on ii. 3. 25 above.

196. *Partition.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 37 : —

> " and can we not
> Partition make with spectacles so precious
> 'Twixt fair and foul ? "

198. *Picking.* Petty, insignificant. Schmidt explains it as " sought industriously (German *gesucht*)." Cf. *picked* = refined, fastidious (*Ham.* v. 1. 151). Herford makes it = " capricious."

201. *Tables.* Tablets, note-book. See on ii. 4. 242 above.

203. *History.* The only instance of the verb in S.

206. *Misdoubts.* Suspicions. The noun is found again in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 332. For *occasion*, see on 72 above.

208. *Plucking*, etc. White notes the allusion to the parable of the tares and the wheat.

211. *Him on.* The pronoun gives " the double effect of the husband who is implied in the word *wife*, and the king who was mentioned at the beginning of the speech."

213. *Hangs.* That is, *suspends* it, in a figurative as well as a literal sense. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 188 : —

> " When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
> Not letting it decline on the declin'd."

Resolv'd correction = the chastisement he has resolved or determined upon. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 585 : " a resolv'd and honourable war." The meaning of the whole passage is : and checks or restrains the purposed chastisement in the hand already raised to execute it. The passage does not strike me as a difficult one, but Hudson (school ed.) obscures it by the following note : " The meaning is rather obscure. The antithesis is between *correction* and *execution*. *Resolv'd* has the sense of *assured*, a frequent use of the word in S. In the case supposed, the arm upreared to strike is *sure* to be arrested." The antithesis is not between *correction* and *execution*, and *resolv'd* cannot possibly mean " sure to be arrested."

216. *That.* See on 193 above.

219. *Offer.* Menace, or assail. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 69: "the offering side."

221. *Atonement.* Reconciliation; the only sense in S. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 33 and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 36.

225. *Pleaseth.* Cf. iv. 2. 52 below, and see on i. 1. 5 above.

SCENE II. — 1. *You are well encounter'd.* We are glad to meet you.

8. *An iron man.* Holinshed (see p. 161 above) describes the archbishop as "clad in armour."

14. *Set abroach.* Cause; but only in a bad sense. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 325 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 111.

20. *Intelligencer.* Mediator, agent; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 71: —

> "Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
> Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
> And send them thither."

26. *Ta'en up.* Levied; as in ii. 1. 184 above. For other senses of the expression, see on i. 2. 41 and i. 3. 73 above.

27. *Zeal of God.* Pious zeal; devotion to God's cause.

33. *Misorder'd.* Disordered; used by S. nowhere else.

36. *Grief.* See on iv. 1. 69 above.

39. *Whose dangerous eyes*, etc. Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

45. *Supplies.* Reserves, reinforcements. See on i. 3. 12 above.

47. *Success.* Succession. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 394: —

> "our parents' noble names,
> In whose success we are gentle," etc.

49. *Whiles.* Used interchangeably with *while.* For *generation*, see on ind. 26 above.

52. *Pleaseth.* Let it please. See on i. 1. 5 and iii. 1. 98 above.

54. *Allow.* Approve. Malone compares *Lear*, ii. 4. 194: —

> "if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience."

The meaning, however, may be, I readily admit or grant them. Cf. i. 3. 5 above.

56. *Mistook.* S. uses both *mistook* and *mistaken* (or *mista'en*) as the participle. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 30 with *Id.* iii. 6. 85.

61. *Discharge your powers.* Dismiss your forces. It was Westmoreland, according to Holinshed (see p. 162 above), who made this deceitful proposal. For *powers*, see on iv. 1. 10 above.

70. *Part.* Depart; as often.

79. *In very happy season.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 60: "in very happy time."

81. *Against ill chances men are ever merry.* Thus Romeo feels an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. See *R. and J.* v. 1. 1 fol.

85. *Passing.* Exceedingly; used only before adjectives and adverbs.

93. *Our.* Changed by Capell to "your"; but, as Clarke remarks, "it is just one of those fair-sounding proposals that this perfidious son of tricking Bolingbroke makes; he proposes to let the forces on each side march by, that each party may see those that were to have contended with them, well knowing that no such thing will take place, having evidently had an understanding with Westmoreland as to what was to be really done."

94. *Peruse.* Survey, examine. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 135: "Will not peruse the foils," etc.

97. *Lie.* Occupy the same house or lodgings. Vaughan remarks that the same expression occurs rather quaintly in Holinshed, who says of Edward Balliol after his expulsion from Scotland, "After this he went and laie a time with the Lady of Gines, that was his kinswoman." Cf. iii. 2. 288 above.

109. *Attach.* Arrest; as in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 6, 73, iv. 4. 6, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 196, etc.

112. *Pawn'd.* Pledged. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 98: "Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?"

119. *Fondly.* Foolishly; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 185, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 147, etc.

121. *God, and not we*, etc. "This sickening hypocrisy of daring to ascribe to Heaven so glaring an act of treachery and faithlessness is thoroughly in keeping with Prince John's cold-natured and treacherous character — as inherited from his oily, crafty father" (Clarke).

Johnson remarks: "It cannot but raise some indignation, to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation." Verplanck adds: "In this indignation most commentators have joined. I do not see why. Chief-Justice Marshall is said to have observed to a prolix counsel, who had entered upon a demonstration of some familiar elementary doctrine, that 'he ought to presume that the court knew *something*.' Shakespeare always presumes his readers to have the first principles of morals and human feelings in their hearts, and does not enter into declamatory demonstration to show the baseness or guilt of the deeds he represents in his scenes. Here he portrays the political craft of Bolingbroke and his cold-blooded son, whom he has thought fit, for his dramatic purpose, with little warrant from history, to place in contrast with his nobler brother. He took it for granted that, when Mowbray asks, 'Is this proceeding just and honourable?' his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander."

Scene III. — 8. *Place.* Tyrwhitt proposed to change *place* in the next line to "dale;" but Vaughan says: "In Falstaff's reasoning, the major premiss — that is, 'all places deep enough are dales' — is understood without being expressed; the minor premiss, 'a dungeon is a place deep enough,' is expressed. From the two combined follows logically and strictly the conclusion, 'You, being in a dungeon and of a dungeon, are in a dale and of a dale!'" That Falstaff was a logician we might infer from 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 544: "I deny your major."

15. *Observance.* Homage. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "a doting observance," etc.

21. *Indifferency.* Moderate measure; used again in *K. John*, ii. 1. 579. S. does not use *indifference.*

22. *Womb.* Used jocosely by Falstaff, but in Old English equivalent to *belly.* Wiclif's Bible, in *Luke*, xv. 16, has, "he coveted to fill his womb of the cods that the hogs did eat."

24. *The heat is past.* The race is over; referring to the pursuit of "the scattered stray" (iv. 2. 120). Johnson explained *heat* as "the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge." Schmidt makes *heat* = "haste, urgency."

31. *Check.* Reproof; as often. Cf. the verb in i. 2. 198 and iii. 1. 68 above.

33. *Poor and old motion.* "Sir John's wit can make his age as good a plea here as he made his youth answer the purpose on another occasion" (Clarke). Cf. i. 2. 175 fol. above.

36. *Posts.* Post-horses. Clarke remarks: "Falstaff's fine exaggerations have so rich an excess that they proclaim their own immunity from censure as lies. They at once avow innocence of intention to deceive; they are uttered for the pure pleasure of wit-invention. . . . He never proves his case; but he so ably defends his cause that he invariably gains the day. No one can condemn, though no one acquits him; he is left unjudged, and suffered still to go at large, and in triumph — the victor ever."

47. *In a particular ballad.* According to the fashion in Shakespeare's time of making important or interesting events of the day the subjects of ballads. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 186, 188, 262, 263, etc.

52. *The element.* The sky. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 128, *Lear*, iii. 1. 4, etc. Vaughan remarks: "This old signification is still retained by the folk of South Pembrokeshire. A peasant recently said to me: 'I thought this morning that we should have rain, for I saw, as I came along, a weather-gall in the element.' A 'weather-gall' is a kind of half-rainbow, and is regarded as a sign of wet weather by the country people."

62. *Colevile.* Here, as in 72 below, the word appears to be a trisyllable, and it may have been intended to be regularly so. Lines 60 and 61 might then be a line of verse; but they are generally made prose, as here.

73. *Present.* See on iv. 1. 174 above.

80. *My lord*, etc. Some editors print this speech as verse, explaining Falstaff's use of it as due to "the seriousness of the request."

82. *Stand my good lord.* Be my kind patron, befriend me. Cf. ii. 1. 63 above.

83. *In my condition.* "In my official capacity" (Schmidt). It often means rank or social position; as in *Temp.* iii. 1. 59, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 1, etc.

87. *A man cannot make him laugh.* "A quality deeply distasteful to Shakespeare, to his finest characters, and to all those who know how essentially a sense of humour is allied to the finest sensibilities of humanity. . . . The man who could see and hear Falstaff unmoved was the very man to coolly order 'those traitors to the block of death,' after having cheated them by fair-sounding promises — cold, hard, impervious to feeling throughout" (Clarke).

90. *Come to any proof.* Prove to be worth anything. Cf. Holinshed, *Chron.*: "a vehement frost . . . destroyed up all the seed almost that was sowne, by reason whereof small store of winter corne came to proof in the summer following."

94. *Sherris-sack.* Sherry wine; called simply *sherris* just below. *Sack* was "the generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt). Malone quotes Minsheu, *Span. Dict.*, 1617: "Xêres, or Xerès, oppidum Bœticæ, i.e. Andalusiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [Anglice] *Xeres sacke.*" Cole, who in 1679 renders *sack* "vinum Hispanicum," defines *Sherry-sack* as "vinum Eseritanum."

Ascends me. The *me* is the expletive. See on iii. 2. 269 above. Verplanck thinks that S. here "was indebted to the conversation

of his friend Ben Jonson, borrowing this from his talk, without meaning that the resemblance went any further." He adds: "It seems, from lately discovered manuscripts of old Ben's, that he had precisely this opinion of excellent 'sherris,' in making the brain 'apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,' etc. In an unpublished sort of diary of Ben Jonson's, preserved at Dulwich College, quoted by Hughson (*History of London*), he says: '*Mem.* I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good lord T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with applause.' Afterwards he speaks of his *Catiline* in a similar way, but adds that he thinks one of his scenes flat; and thereupon resolves to drink no more water with his wine. The *Alchemist* and *Silent Woman* he describes as the product of much and good wine; but he adds that his comedy *The Devil is an Ass* 'was written when I and my boys drank bad wine.'"

96. *Crudy.* Crude, raw; used by S. only here. *Crude* does not occur in his works.

97. *Forgetive.* Inventive, imaginative; from *forge.* The word is found nowhere else.

102. *The liver white*, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 86: "How many cowards . . . have livers white as milk;" *T. and C.* ii. 2. 50: "Make livers pale and lustihood deject," etc. Cf. also *lily-livered* (*Macb.* v. 3. 15, *Lear*, ii. 2. 18), *milk-livered* (*L. L. L.* iv. 2. 50), *white-livered* (*Hen. V.* iii. 2. 34, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 465), etc.

106. *This little kingdom, man.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 246: —

> "this fleshly land,
> This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath;"

and see also *T. and C.* ii. 3. 185, *J. C.* ii. 1. 68, and *Macb.* i. 3. 140.

108. *Muster me.* Cf. 94 above.

112. *A-work.* To work; used only with *set.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1496, *T. and C.* v. 10. 38, *Ham.* ii. 2. 510, and *Lear*, iii. 5. 8.

113. *Kept by a devil.* Alluding to the old superstition that mines of gold, etc., were guarded by evil spirits. Steevens quotes Fenton, *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569: "There appeare at this day many strange visions and wicked spirites in the metal-mines of the Greate Turke;" and again: "In the mine at Anneburg was a mettal sprite which killed twelve workmen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche."

Commences it and sets in act and use. The critics generally agree with Tyrwhitt that there is an allusion here "to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act;* for by those different names the two universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."

119. *That. So* that. See on i. 1. 197 above. *Fertile* = fertilizing.

120. *Humane.* Omitted in the folios. Johnson changed it to "human." *Humane* is the only spelling of the word in the early eds. even when it is equivalent to the modern *human*, and the accent in verse is regularly on the first syllable.

127. *Tempering.* An allusion to the old use of soft wax for sealing. Steevens quotes Middleton, *Any Thing for a Quiet Life:* "You must temper him like wax, or he 'll not seal;" and *Your Five Gallants:* "Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters." See also *V. and A.* 565.

Scene IV.—5. *Address'd.* Prepared, ready. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 29, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 107, etc. *Power* = army; as in i. 1. 133, i. 3. 29, 71, etc.

6. *Well invested.* Properly installed, or invested with authority. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 4. 32: "gone to Scone To be invested."

9. *Pause us.* The only instance of the reflexive use of the verb in S.

20. *How chance*, etc. How chances it, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 2. 99, etc.

27. *Omit.* Neglect; a sense which it has elsewhere (as in *Temp.* i. 2. 183, ii. 1. 194, *Cor.* iii. 1. 146, etc.), though this is the only instance with a personal object.

30. *Observ'd.* Treated with due *observance* or deference; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 137, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 212, etc.

33. *Being incens'd, he 's flint.* "If any thing be done to provoke him, he breaks out in angry and transient sparks like a flint" (Vaughan). Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 111: "That carries anger as the flint bears fire."

34. *Humorous.* Wayward, capricious. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 278, ii. 3. 8, etc. The simile *as winter* would seem natural enough in New England, but is not so appropriate in Old England. Malone suggests that *humorous* may be used equivocally: "he abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture." "As humorous as *April*" (cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 85) occurs in *The Silent Woman* and elsewhere.

35. *As flaws congealed,* etc. "Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*" (Warburton). Edwards says that *flaw* sometimes means a blade of ice seen on edges of water in winter mornings; and Dyce adds that he has heard the word similarly used. S. may use the word in this sense.

39. *Being moody.* When he is out of humour.

41. *Confound.* Exhaust. It often means to wear away or destroy.

44. *The united vessel of their blood.* The vessel of their united blood. Such transposition of epithets in S. is not uncommon.

45. *Mingled with venom of suggestion.* Malone makes this = "though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly subject." I am inclined to agree with Vaughan, who says: "The whole tenor of the king's address to Clarence is that

of an exhortation to keep the brotherhood of the princes free from fatal dissensions. Youthful temptations under any point of view are not alluded to." He interprets the passage thus: "even although that blood shall be mingled with the venomous infusion of all such provocatives of discord as the persons and circumstances of the age in which we live are certain to pour into it despite of every precaution, and although, further, that infusion work like aconite or gunpowder."

46. *Force perforce.* See on iv. 1. 116 above.

48. *Aconitum.* Aconite. The Latin form is the one regularly used by writers of the time. Steevens cites Heywood, *Brazen Age*, 1613: "With aconitum that in Tartar springs," etc. *Rash* = quickly ignited; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 33: "His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 61: "rash, bavin wits, Soon kindled and soon burnt."

53. *And other his.* Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 259: "and a thousand other her defences;" and *Lear*, i. 4. 259: "Of other your new pranks."

64. *Lavish.* Loose, licentious.

65. *Affections.* Propensities, inclinations. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 118, *Ham.* iii. 1. 170, etc.

67. *You look beyond him.* You misjudge or misconstrue him. Schmidt compares *Ham.* ii. 1. 115: "To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions." The idea seems to be that of "overshooting the mark" in our estimate.

74. *Perfectness.* The word occurs again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 173: "Is this your perfectness?"

79. *Seldom when.* Seldom that. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 89: —

> "This is a gentle provost; seldom when
> The steeled jailer is the friend of men."

Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "as the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him."

90. *In his particular.* In its detail.

92. *The haunch.* The latter part, the close.

101. *Please it you.* May it please you. See on i. 1. 5 and on iii. 1. 98 above.

105. *Stomach.* Appetite. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 16, *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92, etc.

119. *Hath wrought the mure.* Hath worn the wall. The past tense of *work* is regularly *wrought* in S. The "worked" in *T. of A.* v. 1. 116 is "an inadmissible substitution of modern editors" (Schmidt). *Mure* (Lat. *murus*) is used by S. nowhere else. Steevens cites, among other examples of the word, Heywood, *Golden Age*, 1611 : "Girt with a triple mure of shining brass." We find the verb (= shut up) in Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 12. 34 : —

> "he tooke a muzzel strong
> Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
> Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
> And therein shut up his blasphemous tong."

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, book iv., referring, as here, to the sickness of Henry IV. : —

> "As that the walls worn thin permit the mind
> To look out thorow, and his frailtie find."

The first four books of the *Civil Wars* were printed in 1595, and S. had probably read them. In the first ed. the lines read : —

> "Wearing the walls so thin, that now the mind
> Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

His here = *its*, referring to *wall*, not to *mind* (Malone).

121. *Fear me.* Make me fear, alarm me. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 211 : "Fear boys with bugs," etc.

122. *Loathly.* Loathsome. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 21 : "weeds so loathly." In *Oth.* iii. 4. 62, the 1st quarto has "loathly," the other early eds. "loathed."

Unfather'd heirs = creatures supposed to be born without progenitors; and *loathly births of nature* = unnatural births, monstrosities. According to Staunton, the *unfather'd heirs* were certain so-called *prophets*, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 3. 13:—

> "And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
> Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
> But wondrously begotten, and begonne
> By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
> On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
> Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
> Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,
> And coosen unto King Ambrosius;
> Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous."

See also Montaigne, *Essays:* "In *Mahomet's* religion, by the easie beleefe of that people, are many *Merlins* found; That is to say, fatherles children; Spiritual children, conceived and borne devinely in the wombs of virgins," etc.

123. *The seasons change their manners*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 106–114. *As* = as if.

125. *The river*, etc. Referring to the tides in the Thames. Cf. ii. 3. 63 above. Steevens remarks: "This is historically true; it happened on the 12th of October, 1411."

128. *Sick'd.* The only instance of the verb in S.

132. *Exeunt.* Omitted in 1st Cambridge edition. See next note.

SCENE V. — There is no new scene here in the early eds., and the modern ones generally follow Capell in directing that the king be "conveyed into an inner part of the room and laid upon a bed." Dyce has the following stage-direction: "*They place the King on a bed; a change of scene being supposed here.*" In a note he says: "The audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the king was laid on the bed."

The Cambridge editors, who begin a new scene here, remark: "Capell's stage-direction is not satisfactory, for it implies a change of scene, though none is indicated in the text. The king's couch would not be placed in a recess at the back of the stage, because he has to make speeches from it of considerable length. He must therefore be lying in front of the stage, where he could be seen and heard by the audience." To my mind it is perfectly clear that the king is now carried to another room. At the close of the scene (see 233 below) he asks what was the name of the chamber in which he "first did swoon" (see iv. 4. 110 above), and, being told that it is the Jerusalem Chamber, he asks to be borne to it; but if there is no change of scene here, he is already *in* the Jerusalem Chamber. No commentator, so far as I am aware, refers to this. The Jerusalem Chamber is *not* a bedroom. The king is holding a council there when he swoons; and when he asks to be taken to "some other chamber" (that is, to a bedroom), he is of course obeyed, and the scene shifts to that chamber, where he remains until he asks to be borne back to the Jerusalem Chamber, on account of the prophecy concerning his death.

2. *Dull.* "Gentle, soothing" (Johnson); or rather, as Malone and Schmidt give it, "producing dulness, disposing to sleep." Cf. the use of *dull* = drowsy, in iii. 1. 15 above. So *dulness* = drowsiness in *Temp.* i. 2. 185.

24. *Ports.* Portals, gates; as in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 113, 138, *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc.

27. *Biggen.* Nightcap. The word properly means a coarse headband or cap like that worn by the *Béguines*, an order of Flemish nuns. Cf. Jonson, *Volpone:* "Get you a biggin more, your brain breaks loose."

31. *With safety.* That is, while it gives safety or protects from danger.

33. *Suspire.* Breathe; used by S. only here and in *K. John*, iii. 4. 80.

34. *Perforce.* Of necessity. See on i. 1. 165 above.

36. *Rigol.* Circle; a word found only here and in *R. of L.* 1745: "a watery rigol." It is from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel.

42. *Immediate.* Next in place. Cf. v. 2. 71 below. See also *Ham.* i. 2. 109: "You are the most immediate to our throne."

64. *Part.* "Characteristic action" (Schmidt).

71. *Engross'd.* Amassed. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 148: "To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf."

72. *Strange-achieved.* "Gained and yet not enjoyed" (Schmidt). The hyphen is in the folio. *Strange-achieved* may be = gained in foreign lands. In *canker'd* the metaphor is taken from rust or corrosion, and perhaps suggests the idea of disuse, like that of the miser. Some make it = polluted.

76. *Virtuous.* Powerful (Schmidt); or perhaps = characteristic. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 367: "Whose liquor hath this virtuous property," etc.

79. *Murthered.* The folio reading; not "murther'd."

80. *Yield his engrossments.* Do his accumulations yield.

82. *Determin'd.* Put an end to. Cf. the intransitive use (= end) in *Cor.* iii. 3. 43, v. 3. 120, etc.

84. *Kindly.* Natural, "not feigned" (Schmidt). Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75: "fatherly and kindly power," etc.

87. *By.* As a consequence of.

91. *Depart the chamber.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 5. 1: "ere I depart his house," etc.

94. *By thee.* "In thy opinion" (Schmidt); but *by* may be = near or with.

104. *Seal'd up.* Confirmed fully. The *up* has an intensive force, as often.

108. *Which thou hast whetted*, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123: —

> "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
> Thou mak'st thy knife keen."

115. *Balm.* Referring to the anointing-oil used in the cere-

mony of coronation. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 277: "The balm, the sceptre," etc.

129. *Gild his treble guilt.* Pope omitted this line, and Warburton declared it to be "evidently the nonsense of some foolish player;" but compare *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 73 fol. where the dying Gaunt plays upon his name: "Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old," etc. King Richard asks, "Can sick men play so nicely with their names?" and Coleridge answers the question thus: "Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and, therefore, as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment; and in this consists Shakespeare's vulgarisms, as in Macbeth's 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!' etc. This is (to equivocate on Dante's words) in truth the *nobile volgare eloquenza*. Indeed, it is profoundly true that there is a natural, an almost irresistible, tendency in the mind, when immersed in one strong feeling, to connect that feeling with every sight and object around it; especially if there be opposition, and the words addressed to it are in any way repugnant to the feeling itself, as here in the instance of Richard's unkind language: 'Misery makes sport to mock itself.'

"No doubt, something of Shakespeare's punning must be attributed to his age, in which direct and formal combats of wit were a favourite pastime of the courtly and accomplished. It was an age more favourable, upon the whole, to vigour of intellect than the present, in which a dread of being thought pedantic dispirits and flattens the energies of original minds. But independently of this, I have no hesitation in saying that a pun, if it be congruous with the feeling of the scene, is not only allowable in the dramatic dialogue, but oftentimes one of the most effectual intensives of passion."

For the play on *guilt*, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. chor. 26: "the gilt of

France — O guilt indeed!" Malone quotes Nicholson, *Acolastus his Afterwit*, 1600: —

> "O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not?
> Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,
> Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

141. *Dear.* Earnest. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 3. 9: "loud and clear petition," etc.

145. *Affect.* Desire, aspire to. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 1: "affects tyrannical power;" *Id.* iv. 6. 32: "affecting one sole throne," etc.

149. *Teacheth.* Prompts me to; *this prostrate and exterior bending* being in apposition with *obedience*, which is = obeisance (Mason).

162. *Carat.* Here used in the modern sense as expressing the degree of fineness in the gold; but in the only other instance in which it occurs in S. it seems to express absolute weight. See *C. of E.* iv. 1. 28: "How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat."

163. *Medicine potable.* Alluding to the *aurum potabile*, or potable gold, of the alchemists. Johnson remarks: "There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it." Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 443: "For gold in phisik is a cordial."

186. *Met.* Got, gained.

194. *Assistances.* For the plural see on iv. 1. 193 above.

196. *Supposed.* That is, supposed to exist, "imaginary, not real" (Johnson). *Fears* = causes or objects of fear. See on i. 1. 95 above.

200. *Mode.* "The *form* or *state* of things" (Johnson); the only instance of the word in S. *Purchas'd;* "used in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act* (*perquisitio*) as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone). Cf. *A. and C.* i. 4. 14: —

> "hereditary,
> Rather than purchas'd."

201. *More fairer.* See on iii. 1. 28 above.

202. *Successively.* "By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can" (Johnson). *Garland* = crown; as in v. 2. 84.

204. *Griefs are green.* Grievances are fresh; referring to the recent rebellion. For *griefs*, see on iv. 1. 69 above.

205. *My friends.* The early eds. have "thy friends." The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt. Perhaps Clarke is right in retaining the old reading. "By the first *thy friends* the king means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."

208. *By whose power.* This of course modifies *displac'd.*

214. *Giddy.* "Hot-brained, excitable" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, unsteady, unsettled.

219. *How I came by the crown,* etc. "This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment" (Johnson).

233. *Doth any name,* etc. See the extract from Holinshed, p. 169 above. Steevens notes that a similar equivocal prediction occurs also in the *Cronykil of Androw of Wyntown.* Pope Sylvester, having sold himself to the devil, is told that he shall live to enjoy his honours until he sees Jerusalem. Soon afterwards his duties call him into a church which he had never visited before; and on his inquiring what the church is called, he is told that it is "Jerusalem in Vy Laterane." Thereupon the prophecy is completed by his death. Boswell adds that the same story of Pope Sylvester is told in Lodge's *Devil Conjured*, where, however, his holiness manages to outwit the devil.

The Jerusalem Chamber, which adjoins the southwest tower of Westminster Abbey, was built by Abbot Littlington between 1376 and 1386 as a guest-chamber, and probably derived its name from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was afterwards hung. Later it was used as a council-chamber (see p. 236 above), as it now is for the meetings of Convocation. The West-

minster Assembly met here in 1643, having found the Chapel of Henry VII. too cold. The existing decorations of the room are of the time of James I., but the stained glass is older.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 1. *By cock and pie.* A petty oath in common use in the time of S. It occurs again in *M. W.* i. 1. 316. *Cock* is probably a corruption of *God*, as in *Cock's passion* (*T. of S.* iv. 1. 121), *Cock's body*, *Cock's wounds*, and many similar oaths found in the plays of that day. The *pie* may refer to the Romish service-book, which was sometimes so called; the word being more properly applied to a table or index in the book for finding out the service to be read upon each day. In the preface to the English Prayer-Book, this table is referred to as follows: "Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie* and the manifold changes," etc. On the other hand, *The Cock and Pie* (with pictures of the cock and the magpie) was a common sign for taverns and alehouses. Blakeway gives an engraving of one at Bewdley. Boswell quotes *A Catechisme* by George Giffard, 1583, which seems to show that *cock and pie* referred only to the birds or to the tavern-sign: "Men suppose that they do not offende when they do not sweare falsly; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they sware by *small thinges*, as by *cocke and pye*, by the *mouse foote*, and many other suche like." Douce endeavours to prove that the oath had its origin in the grand feasts of the days of chivalry, when a roasted *peacock* was presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow he had chosen. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock still continued to be a favourite dish at the feast, and was served up in a *pie*. "The recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing not only by the bird itself, but also by the *pie*." Even if the oath referred at first to God and

the service-book, this was doubtless forgotten in Shakespeare's time (like the connection of *marry!* with the Virgin Mary), and the *cock* and the *pie* came to be associated in the popular mind with the birds. Not a few such "illusive etymologies" have found pictorial illustration in the old tavern-signs.

11. *William cook.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 12: "since Robin ostler died."

14. *Precepts.* "Justice's warrants" (Johnson). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 26: —

> "As send precepts to the leviathan
> To come ashore."

17. *With red wheat.* Vaughan remarks: "This accords with an old practice of sowing a later wheat on the headland than in the rest of the field, because the headland, being used for turning the plough, naturally came into condition for sowing later than the rest of the field. It is still common in some parts to see red wheat — that is, a spring wheat — on the headland, together with white wheat — that is, winter wheat — in the field."

21. *Cast.* Computed. Cf. i. 1. 166 above.

26. *Hinckley.* A market-town in Leicestershire.

29. *Kickshaws.* We find *kickshawses* in *T. N.* i. 3. 122, the only other instance of the word in S.

31. *A friend i' court*, etc. Malone remarks that "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. Dr. Grey cites *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 5540: —

> "For frende in courte aie better is
> Than peny is in purse, certis."

37. *Well conceited.* A happy conceit! "Justice Shallow applauds his servingman's grinning jest with the same expression that Nym uses when he says, 'Is not the humour conceited?' in *M. W.* i. 3. 26" (Clarke).

40. *Woncot.* Woodmancote (still pronounced *Woncot*) a village in Gloucestershire, where there has been a family of *Visor* or *Vizard*

since the time of S. A house on the neighbouring Stinchcombe Hill (still locally known as *the Hill*) was then the residence of a family of *Perkes* (Madden's *Diary of William Silence*).

55. *He shall have no wrong.* A fair sample of the course of justice in that day. Blakeway cites a speech of Sir Nicholas Bacon, in parliament, 1559: "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, *bearing with him as his servant*, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the House of Commons in 1601 defined a "justice of the peace" as a creature that "for half a dozen chickens will dispense with half a dozen penal statutes."

61. *Tall.* A joke of Shallow's. See on iii. 2. 60 above.

66. *Quantities.* That is, *small* pieces; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 112 and *K. John*, v. 4. 23.

68. *Semblable.* Similar; used as a noun in *Ham.* v. 2. 124 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 22.

74. *Consent.* Agreement, accord.

76. *Near their master.* That is, being intimate with him, having influence with him.

77. *Curry with.* That is, "curry favour with him," flatter him. S. uses the expression nowhere else.

84. *Terms.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 350: "With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term," etc. On *actions* Johnson remarks: "There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt." *Intervallums* is a jocose appropriation of the Latin word *intervallum*, interval.

86. *Sad.* Sober, serious. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?"

Scene II. — 3. *Exceeding well.* On *well* as used of the dead, cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 72, v. 1. 17, *Macb.* iv. 3. 179, *A. and C.* ii. 5. 33, etc. *Exceeding* is often used adverbially.

13. *Fantasy.* Fancy, imagination. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 138: "Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?"

16. *Of him, the worst.* Of the worst, whichever it might be.

31. *Coldest.* Most disagreeable or unwelcome. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 133: "A cold premeditation for my purpose!" etc. *Expectation* is metrically five syllables.

33. *Speak Sir John Falstaff fair.* Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 199: "Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?"

34. *Swims against your stream.* A metaphor equivalent to "goes against your grain."

38. *Ragged.* Beggarly, wretched. *Forestall'd remission* = a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged. Malone says: "I believe *forestall'd* only means *asked* before *it is granted.* If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it."

48. *Not Amurath*, etc. Amurath the Third, who became Sultan in 1574, had his five brothers strangled on the day of his accession to the throne; and his son Mohammed III. followed the paternal example in 1595, only a few years before the play was written.

50. *By my faith.* Altered in the folio to "to speak truth," like so many other expressions which the Master of the Revels doubtless considered profane. See on ii. 2. 1 above.

61. *By number.* That is, as many *hours* as *tears.*

62. *No other.* Nothing else; as in *Macb.* v. 4. 8: —

> "We learn no other but the confident tyrant
> Keeps still in Dunsinane," etc.

71. *Easy.* That is, easy to be borne; as in *K. John*, iii. 1, 207, etc.

72. *Lethe.* For the poet's allusions to the old mythical river of oblivion, cf. *T. N.* iv. 1. 66, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 250, and *A. and C.* ii. 7. 114.

79. *Presented.* Represented. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 167: "When I presented Ceres," etc.

80. *And struck me*, etc. See extract from Holinshed, p. 169 above.

84. *Garland.* Crown; as in iv. 5. 202 above. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 40: "Till Richard wear the garland of the realm" (note the next line). Holinshed uses the word in this sense. See p. 168 above.

86. *Awful.* Cf. iv. 1. 176 above.

87. *To trip the course of law.* To defeat the process of justice.

90. *And mock*, etc. "To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative" (Johnson).

92. *Propose.* Suppose, imagine, picture to yourself; as in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 146, etc.

96. *Taking your part.* Acting in your behalf.

97. *Soft silencing.* Mildly restraining. Perhaps Theobald was right in changing *soft* to "so." According to the king (see 70 above), the justice's treatment of him had not been *soft.*

98. *Cold considerance.* Calm or dispassionate reflection. S. uses *considerance* only here.

99. *Speak in your state.* Say, "in your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator" (Johnson).

109. *Proper.* Own; as in *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "their proper selves," etc.

113. *For which I do commit*, etc. Verplanck remarks: "The reader must bear in mind that the present tenure of office for life by the English judges is but modern; and that, under the Plantagenets and Tudors, a Chief-Justice might be removed like any other officer of the crown. Henry's voluntary retaining the Chief-Justice in his high station is, therefore, a manly acknowledgment of his own error, and a magnanimous tribute to the uprightness of the magistrate. The story of the Prince's insolence, and his commitment to prison, is strictly historical, being related briefly by Hall and Holinshed, and more minutely by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book of political ethics entitled *The Governour.* But these are all

silent as to Henry V.'s after-treatment of the Chief-Justice, or the latter's being continued in office after the accession of Henry V. Several of the Shakespearian historical critics, as Sir John Hawkins, Malone, and Steevens, in the last century, and very lately Tytler and Courtenay, deny the fact itself, and some of them in a tone of rebuke for the 'author's deviation from history.' I should be sorry to lose a noble example of moderation and magnanimity, in the exercise of political patronage, from history; but if those comments are correct, Shakespeare deserves the higher honour of not having merely adopted and beautifully enforced, but having invented the striking incident, embodying a noble lesson of political ethics, which in our own days even republican rulers may profit by. I incline to the opinion that the English commentators are in error as to the fact, and that the poet has merely decorated and enforced the truth, which probably came down to him by popular and general tradition, as a plain fact, to which he has given the impressive weight of moral instruction.

"Hawkins asserts that the poet 'has deviated from historical truth by bringing the Chief-Justice and Henry IV. together,' as it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshire*, that Gascoigne died in the lifetime of Henry IV. (viz. 1st Nov. 1412). Malone also mentions Shakespeare's 'anachronism,' on the authority of a transcript (in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) of the inscription on the Chief-Justice's tomb, 'once legible,' which records his death as '17 Decr. *Ann. Dom.* 1412.' Steevens, I know not on what authority, places his death 13th Dec. 1413. Henry IV. died March 20, 1413. The discrepancy of these dates would throw some doubt on any one of them, or all of them, were there no contradiction as to the year. But they are all overthrown by a recent discovery by Mr. Tytler of the record of Sir William Gascoigne's will, bearing date 20th March, 1419, showing that there must have been some error of the press or of a copyist in the dates before mentioned. But Tytler and Courtenay say that Gascoigne was left out of office at Henry V.'s accession, which is still less to

the royal honour, and perhaps more to the poet's. Yet old Stowe, the most accurate of chroniclers, says, 'William Gascoigne was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench from the *sixt* of Henry IV. to the *third* Henry V.'

"Stowe's authority may be fortified by an American author, who must have little thought, in preparing his curious and interesting volume, of being quoted by a Shakespearian annotator. The *Judicial Chronicle* (Cambridge, Mass., 1834), by George Gibbs, of New York, is a most exact chronological list of the judges of the higher courts of England and America, from the earliest periods; the lists of the earlier English judges being compiled from Dugdale, Beatson, and Woolrycke. In that list Gascoigne is recorded to have 'died or retired in 1414, the second year of Henry V.;' and the same date is given for the appointment of his successor, Hankford. Upon these statements, the more probable conclusion would seem to be that Gascoigne must have been retained in office during the first two years of Henry V., or, as Stowe says, 'to the third year of Henry V.'; and that his retirement was then voluntary."

It is now, however, well established that Gascoigne resigned or was removed soon after the accession of Henry V., as his successor, Sir William Hankford, was appointed March 29, 1413.

115. *Remembrance.* Reminder, admonition.

116. *The like.* The same; followed by *as*, as in *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 9: "Upon the like devotion as yourselves," etc.

123. *My father is gone wild*, etc. "My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave" (Malone). Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 25: —

> "The breath no sooner left his father's body
> But that his wildness, mortified in him,
> Seem'd to die too."

125. *Sadly.* Soberly; as opposed to *wild* (Johnson). Cf. *sad* in v. 1. 86 above.

128. *Who.* Often equivalent to *which*, especially in personifications. *Rotten* = unsound, false.

129. *After my seeming.* According to what I appeared to be.

132. *The state of floods.* "The majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone).

133. *Formal.* "Grave, dignified" (Schmidt); as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 227: "formal constancy."

141. *Accite.* Summon. See on ii. 2. 54 above.

142. *Remember'd.* Called to mind, mentioned. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 405: "The ditty does remember my drown'd father," etc.

143. *Consigning to.* Setting his seal to, confirming. See on iv. 1. 175 above. In *Cymb.* iv. 2. 275, *consign to* = come to the same state, submit to the same terms; and Schmidt explains it here as = "agree, come to the same terms."

SCENE III. — 1. *Orchard.* Garden; as elsewhere in S.

3. *Graffing.* Grafting; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 124. Cf. *engraffed* in ii. 2. 57 above.

Caraways. Goldsmith thought that *apples* of that name were meant; but the best critics agree that the reference is to caraway seeds, or some confection containing them. Malone quotes Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, where, after a dinner, a servant is ordered to bring in "apples, pears, . . . some bisket, and carrawaies, with other comfects;" also the black-letter *Booke of Carvyng:* "Serve after meat, peres, nuts, strawberies, hurtleberies and hard cheese: also blaūdrels or pipins, with caraway in cōfects." Steevens adds from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1595: "Howbeit we are wont to eate carawaies or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or seedes together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students."

11. *Husband.* An old form of *husbandman*, which is substituted in the 3d folio. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 3. 29: —

> "Like as a withered tree, through husband's toyle,
> Is often seene full freshly to have flourisht,

And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle;"

and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 266: "For husbands life is labourous and hard."

14. *At supper.* As Clarke notes, this shows that the pippins and caraways formed the meal called an *after-supper.* See on ii. 4. 12 above.

22. *Ever among.* An old expression = "ever and anon."

28. *Proface.* "An Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia;* which Florio renders 'Much good may it do you!'" (Clarke). Steevens quotes Taylor the Water Poet, in the preface to his *Praise of Hempseed:* "A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and proface, my masters, if your stomach serve;" and *Springes for Woodcocks*, 1606: "Proface, quoth Fulvius, fill us t' other quart." Cf. the German *prosit.*

29. *The heart's all.* "That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house" (Johnson).

32. *My wife has all.* Boswell remarks that "*has all* is a good introduction to what follows; it is a proof that she is a shrew."

34. *'T is merry in hall when beards wag all.* A very old proverb, as might be shown by sundry quotations.

35. *Shrove-tide.* A time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season.

41. *Leather-coats.* A kind of russet apple.

46. *Leman.* Sweetheart. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 26. In *M. W.* iv. 2. 172, it is masculine (= paramour).

49. *The sweet o' the night.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 3: "the sweet o' the year." See also ii. 4. 346 above.

53. *A mile to the bottom.* Though the cup were as deep as that.

55. *Beshrew your heart.* See on ii. 3. 45 above.

58. *Cavaleros.* Cavaliers, dashing fellows. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 3. 77: "Cavalero Slender."

59. *Once.* Perhaps = some time. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 103: "I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring."

63. *Pottle-pot.* A tankard, holding a *pottle*, or two quarts.

64. *By God's liggens.* An oath of Shallow's own making; omitted of course in the folio.

66. *Will not out.* Will not fail you; a sportsman's expression. Staunton quotes Turbervile, *Booke of Hunting:* "If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then when they hold in together merrily, we say, They are in crie." Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 36: "I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out."

72. *Do me right.* A common expression in drinking healths. Steevens cites Massinger, *The Bondman:* —

> "These glasses contain nothing. Do me right,
> As ere you hope for liberty."

73. *And dub me knight.* It was a custom in the time of S. to drink a mighty bumper kneeling, to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was dubbed a *knight* for the evening. Cf. *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees. Come follow me; I 'll give you all the degrees of it in order."

74. *Samingo.* A boozy abbreviation of "San Domingo," which was a common burden of drinking-songs. Steevens quotes Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: —

> "Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass
> In cup, in can, or glass;
> God Bacchus, do me right,
> And dub me knight,
> Domingo."

88. *But.* Except. Some, however, point thus: "I think a' be; but goodman Puff of Barson — "

89. *Barson* is a corruption of *Barcheston* (locally pronounced and sometimes written *Barson*), a village not far from Stratford-on-Avon (French).

98. *Foutra.* A vulgar expression of contempt.

100. *O base Assyrian knight*, etc. Falstaff, finding it impossible to make Pistol talk "like a man of this world," humours him by adopting his bombastic style.

101. *King Cophetua.* The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar* may be found in Percy's *Reliques.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 66 and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 14.

102. *And Robin Hood*, etc. From one of the old Robin Hood ballads.

106. *I know not your breeding.* Schmidt and others make *breeding* = "descent, extraction;" but I think the meaning may be, "I don't understand your manners." Shallow seems to be mystified by Pistol's impudence and rant.

113. *Bezonian.* A base fellow, or beggar. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 134: "Great men oft die by vile bezonians." It is derived from the Italian *bisogno*, need. Steevens quotes Nash, *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1595: "Proud lordes do tumble from the towers of their high descents and be trod under feet of every inferior Besonian;" and Chapman, *The Widow's Tears:* "like a base Besogno." The editors generally print the word with a capital, as if it were a proper noun.

118. *Fig me.* "To *fig*, in Spanish *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger" (Johnson).

121. *As nail in door.* "This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient *doors* the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce" (Steevens).

141. *Where is the life*, etc. From an old ballad, quoted also in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 143.

Scene IV. — *Enter Beadles.* The quarto has "Enter Sincklo and three or four officers." Sincklo was the actor who played the first Beadle. In the folio the name appears again at the beginning of

a speech in *T. of S.* ind. 1. 88. In 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, we find the stage-direction "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with crosse-bowes in their hands;*" and "*Sink,*" "*Sinklo,*" or "*Sin.*" is prefixed to the speeches of the 1st Keeper that follow. This actor belonged to Shakespeare's company.

5. *Whipping-cheer.* Whipping as her *cheer*, or fare. Steevens quotes an old ballad: —

> "And if he chance to scape the rope,
> He shall have whipping-cheer."

Cf. *wedding-cheer* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 188 and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 87.

8. *Nut-hook.* "A name of reproach for a *catchpole*" (Johnson). Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 171: "if you run the nut-hook's humour on me." As we have seen in ii. 4 above, Doll has a copious vocabulary of abusive epithets at command.

15. *Thin man in a censer.* The old censers of thin metal had often a rudely hammered or embossed figure in the middle of the pierced convex lid. These censers were used for burning perfumes in dwelling-houses, which often needed such sweetening in those unsavoury times. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 61.

16. *Blue-bottle rogue.* Alluding to the colour of the beadle's livery (Johnson).

17. *Correctioner.* A word found nowhere else in S.

18. *Half-kirtles.* See on ii. 4. 250 above.

21. *Sufferance.* Suffering. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 115: "The sufferance of our souls," etc.

26. *Atomy.* The quarto reading; the folio has "anatomy," which (= skeleton, as in *K. John*, iii. 4. 40) is what Mistress Quickly *means*.

27. *Rascal.* Used with a reference to its original sense of a lean deer. See on ii. 4. 39 above.

SCENE V. — 1. *Rushes.* For strewing the path of the royal procession. For their use on floors, cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 36, *Cymb.* ii. 2. 13, etc.

12. *The thousand pound I borrowed.* See on iii. 2. 337 above.

14. *Infer.* Suggest, show.

24. *Stained with travel.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 64 : —

> " Stain'd with the variation of each soil
> Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours."

28. *'T is semper idem*, etc. " Pistol uses a Latin expression, 'Ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial phrase, 'All in all, and all in every part,' which he seems to give as its free rendering " (Clarke). See on ii. 4. 160 above.

Verplanck remarks : " I do not find that any of the English critics have explained this sudden burst of learning in Ancient Pistol, though they note that the 'all in every part' is an old phrase of metaphysical poetry, and applied to the soul by Sir John Davies and Drayton. In the absence of authority, I take them all to be heraldic devices, then familiar (as the '*semper idem*' certainly was), such as Pistol would be likely to have observed, as well as Shakespeare's audiences, in the pageants and processions of the day; and they are jumbled together quite in Pistol's vein, to the great edification of Justice Shallow."

31. *Liver.* See on i. 2. 177 and iv. 3. 102 above.

35. *Hal'd.* Dragged. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 64, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 62, etc.

37. *Alecto's.* The only mention of the Fury by name in S.

42. *Imp.* Youngling (used only by Armado, Holofernes, and Pistol). See *L. L. L.* i. 2. 5, v. 2. 592, and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 45. Holinshed speaks of " Prince Edward, that goodlie impe," and Churchyard calls Edward VI. " that impe of grace." Fulwell, addressing Anne Boleyn, refers to Elizabeth as " thy royal impe."

52. *Hence.* Henceforth ; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 379.

55. *Reply not*, etc. " We see by this that there was a light in Falstaff's eye, a play of his lip that betokened some repartee as to

wherefore the grave should naturally gape wider for him than for other and slenderer men; and the king, knowing of old that once let Falstaff retort and he is silenced, forestalls the intended reply by forbidding and condemning it beforehand" (Clarke). Warburton remarks: "Nature is highly touched in this passage. The king, having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it — 'Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider,' etc. — and is just falling back into Hal, by a humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk. But he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight with 'Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;' and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees and brought into a habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, interest, or reason."

65. *Ten mile.* See on *a thousand pound*, i. 2. 227 above.

72. *Set on.* Go on. See on i. 3. 109 above.

86. *Colour.* Pretence; as in i. 2. 247 above. According to Schmidt, there is a play on *collar* in the reply; and there seems to be one also on *die* and *dye*.

89. *Fear no colours.* Do not fear; originally = fear no enemy.

91. *Soon at night.* This very night. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 8, ii. 2. 295, 298, *M. for M.* i. 4. 88, etc.

92. *To the Fleet.* That is, to the Fleet Prison. This is evidently the Justice's sentence, and he should be held responsible for it, not the King, who has left the stage, and who had simply ordered that Falstaff should not come near him "by ten mile." He had, moreover, promised that the knight should have "competence of life," and had even held out the hope of "advancement" in case

he should reform. The Chief-Justice, looking at the matter from a judicial point of view, naturally felt that the fat old reprobate had been let off too easily, and took the responsibility of punishing him more according to his deserts. The king, whom the critics generally have been disposed to blame here, doubtless reversed the hard sentence afterwards; for we find Falstaff and his friends all at liberty in the opening scenes of *Henry V.* Sir John, however, does not rally from the disappointment he has met in being turned away by his "royal Hal." His heart, as Pistol expresses it, "is fracted and corroborate;" but it is a comfort to know that he dies in his old quarters at the Boar's Head, with his faithful old friend Dame Quickly to care for him in his last hours, and not in the Fleet Prison. If the reader is not familiar with the topography of London in the olden time, he may not know that this prison, like Fleet Street, takes its name from the Fleet River, which used to flow through the valley now bridged by the Holborn Viaduct, turning the mills which gave a name to Turnmill Street (see on iii. 2. 315 above). The prison (demolished in 1844) had a gate on the Fleet, like the Traitor's Gate of the Tower upon the Thames. It was first used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber, and not, as Hudson supposes from its name, "for the accommodation of naughty sailors."

97. *Si fortuna*, etc. See on ii. 4. 160 above.

100. *Shall all be very well provided for.* Even the cold-blooded John of Lancaster seems to endorse the merciful policy of the king, and to assume that the orders to carry Falstaff and his company to the Fleet are not to interfere with it. Possibly they were put in prison only until arrangements should be made for carrying out the king's purposes concerning them. But Clarke may be right in his opinion that Prince John, like the Chief-Justice, rejoices at the disgrace of Falstaff; "but he puts a demure face on the affair, and applauds the 'fairness' of the proceeding, while saying nothing about the extreme manner in which the king's orders are carried out."

101. *Conversations.* Habits, behaviour. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 131: "Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation;" where the modern sense of *conversation* would be a bull. See also *M. W.* ii. 1. 25. Bacon, in *Essay* 27, speaks of "a love and desire to sequester a mans selfe, for a higher conversation;" and Latimer, in one of his *Sermons*, refers to "the conversations or doings of the saints." Cf. *Psalms*, xxxvii. 14, l. 23.

108. *I heard a bird so sing.* This expression was proverbial, and we sometimes hear it even nowadays. Steevens cites the old ballad of *The Rising in the North*: —

"I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

Epilogue

It is doubtful whether S. wrote this Epilogue. White remarks that the speaker, who was a dancer, seems to imply that it is not the poet's by saying that it is of his own making. "It is a manifest and poor imitation of the Epilogue to *A. Y. L.*"

1. *Courtesy.* The same word as *curtsy*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* epil. 23, and see on ii. 1. 122 above.

5. *Should.* Sometimes used instead of *shall*, even after a present tense. *Doubt* = fear, suspect; as often.

12. *Break.* Become bankrupt; as in *M. of V.* iii. 1. 120: "he cannot choose but break," etc.

14. *Bate.* Remit; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 250: —

"thou didst promise
To bate me a full year," etc.

21. *All the gentlewomen*, etc. Johnson compares the epilogue to *A. Y. L.* for "the trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other."

26. *Our humble author*, etc. Dowden remarks: "The epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* (whether it was written by S. or not remains doubtful) had promised that 'our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it.' But our humble author decided (with a finer judgment than Cervantes in the case of his hero) that the public was not to be indulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V.* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. During the monarchy of a Henry IV. no glorious enthusiasm animated England. It was distracted by civil contention. Mouldy, Shallow, and Feeble were among the champions of the royal cause. . . . At such a time our imagination can loiter among the humours and follies of a tavern. When the nation was divided into various parties, when no interest was absorbing and supreme, Sir John might well appear upon his throne at Eastcheap, monarch by virtue of his wit, and form with his company of followers a state within the state. But with the coronation of Henry V. opens a new period, when a higher interest animates history, when the national life was unified, and the glorious struggle with France began. At such a time private and secondary interests must cease; the magnificent swing, the impulse and advance of the life of England occupy our whole imagination. It goes hard with us to part from Falstaff, but, like the king, part from him we must; we cannot be encumbered with that tun of flesh; Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. Falstaff, whose principle of life is an attempt to coruscate away the facts of life, and who was so potent during the Prince's minority, would now necessarily appear trivial. There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth; he must find refuge 'in Arthur's bosom.'"

30. *For Oldcastle died a martyr*, etc. An important part of the evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle in the play. See p. 10 above.

33. *And so kneel . . . to pray for the queen.* In the quarto these words (reading "*I* kneele") are placed at the end of the first para-

graph of the epilogue, after *promise you infinitely*. Perhaps, as White suggests, the epilogue, as at first written, consisted only of this paragraph, and the necessary transposition was overlooked when the rest was added in the quarto. It was the custom in the poet's time to end the performance with a prayer for the sovereign. In many instances, the form of prayer is found at the close of the play; as, for example, in Preston's *Cambyses* (quoted by Steevens): —

"As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
And for her honourable councel, the truth that they may use,
To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws abuse;
Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong.
Amen, q. Thomas Preston."

This custom seems to have been adopted from the old moralities.

APPENDIX

Comments on Some of the Characters

Falstaff. — In the present play we see Falstaff in his decadence. "We have the old wit, and humour, the old slipperiness when seemingly caught, the old mastery over every one, till the triumph should come, when comes catastrophe instead. But we have more of the sharper, the cheat, the preyer on others (the hostess, Shallow, the soldiers at the choosing) brought out." The unscrupulous plundering of his friends is not to be palliated; and his treatment of Shallow while enjoying his hospitality is outrageous. It is worse than all his immoralities, for it reveals a depth of meanness in his nature which is past all hope of reform. With all his sagacity and wit, he was an incorrigible old reprobate; and Henry knew it when he finally cast him off so completely and inexorably.

The King has been blamed for this harsh treatment of his former boon companion; but if we examine the play carefully we shall see that he is not responsible for sending Falstaff to the Fleet Prison. He forbids the knight and his companions to come near his person, but he adds: —

> "For competence of life I will allow you,
> That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
> And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
> We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
> Give you advancement."

Then, turning to the Chief-Justice, he says: —

> "Be it your charge, my lord,
> To see perform'd the tenor of our word."

After he has departed with his train, the Chief-Justice says to his officers: —

> "Go carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;
> Take all his company along with him."

He evidently does this on his own responsibility. He doubtless felt that the fat old rogue had been let off too easily, and determined to take his punishment into his own hands. We have reason, however, to believe that the King reversed the hard sentence, for a little later (in the opening scenes of the play that follows), we find Falstaff and his friends all at liberty. [See also on v. 5. 92 above.]

The epilogue to this play had promised that Falstaff should be brought upon the stage again, and we cannot doubt that when *Henry V.* was first performed, the failure to fulfil the promise was a serious disappointment to the audience. It is improbable, however, that the epilogue in question was written by Shakespeare. If he indirectly authorized the promise that Jack should reappear on the boards, his sober second thought led him to abandon the idea. Falstaff would have been an unmanageable character in the new play. After the King had banished him from his presence, Jack's occupation was gone. True, he could have regained the royal favour by reforming, but it is impossible to conceive of Falstaff reformed. It would have required a re-forming indeed — a radical reconstruction that would have left him scarcely recognizable, unless by his mere corporal bulk — if, indeed, that could have been maintained without his unlimited potations of sack. The delightful old sinner would, I fear, have been rather dull in a more virtuous and respectable *rôle*. The better course was to get him out of the way as gently as possible, and Dame Quickly's account of his last hours is as pathetic as it is natural. We bid him good-bye as Prince Hal did when he supposed him dead on Shrewsbury field: —

> "Poor Jack, farewell!
> I could have better spared a better man."

"The rogues," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "all come to a bad end. Falstaff dies in obscure poverty, Nym and Bardolph get hung in France, Pistol is stripped of his braggart honour, and even the 'boy and the luggage,' as Fluellen puts it, are killed together. Poins also, the best of the set, vanishes silently, without a word as to his fate; and so that wild crew breaks up and disappears, leaving the world to laugh over them and their leader forever. If Falstaff was drawn from a living man, that man must have been a little Irish; no purely English brains work quite so fast."

JOHN OF LANCASTER. — Prince John seems to have inherited all the meaner qualities of his father, with no touch of the redeeming ones. No wonder that Falstaff hated him. With his keen insight into human nature he saw through the bloodless, treacherous fellow. We may suspect that Prince Henry understood him, at least in part, from the impulsive tribute he paid to his bravery on the battlefield: —

> "By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster!
> I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
> Before I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
> But now I do respect thee as my soul."

I think I have never seen any comment on that little speech, but to me it is very significant. Its very praise is an indirect reproof, though Henry does not mean it so. How plainly it says that hitherto he has really considered his brother a sneak, though he has felt a kind of love for him because he was a brother, but now for the first time he feels a genuine regard and respect for him on account of what he *is* in himself, apart from the claims of kindred blood.

Never was there baser treachery than that of John to York, Mowbray, and Hastings after they had surrendered, on his pledge that their grievances should be redressed; and the pious cant with which he follows it up — "Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day" — makes it only the more detestable. Johnson (see on

iv. 2. 121) has found fault with the dramatist for not denouncing this treachery and hypocrisy; but Shakespeare knew that it was sufficient to show the devil in his diabolical character without labelling the picture or adding a homily upon its blackness. He knew that he could trust his auditors or readers to that extent.

Lady Percy. — The wife of Hotspur fills no large place in the play, and yet, like all Shakespeare's women, she is delineated so graphically that she has a distinct individuality. Her appeal to her husband to make her the confidant of his cares and anxieties has been compared with that of Portia to Brutus in *Julius Cæsar;* but, as Mrs. Jameson has well shown, though the circumstances are almost exactly similar, the difference in the two women is as obvious as that in their husbands. Lady Percy is the slighter character of the two, and seeks to rule her husband rather by caresses than by reason and an appeal to her rights as a woman and a wife; but after Hotspur's death she rises to heroic dignity in her reproof of her weak and vacillating father-in-law for his inaction in the war that cost both him and her so much. He talks of his "pledged honour" as a reason why he must not desert the new enterprise, but how bitterly she reminds him of his loss of honour in the former one!

"Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
On the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts.
* * * * * *
And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
On disadvantage, to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible; so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him!"

The Northumberland of the play is the Northumberland of history, always more ready to promise than to perform, to talk than to act. How could the fiery Hotspur have been the son of such an impotent old braggart?

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up in Mr. P. A. Daniel's paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays," *Transactions of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 288 fol., as follows:—

"Time of this Play, nine days represented on the stage, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. The total *dramatic* time, including intervals, is not easily determined; I fancy a couple of months would be a liberal estimate.

Day 1. *Act I. sc. i.* Warkworth. Lord Bardolph with Northumberland.

Interval: time for Lord Bardolph to join the Archbishop at York.

Day 2. *Act I. sc. iii.* York. Lord Bardolph with the Archbishop and confederates. While this scene takes place at York we may suppose that in *Act II. sc. iii.* Northumberland resolves for Scotland.

Interval, including the Falstaffian Days 1*a* and 2*a*, during which the King arrives in London.

[Day 1*a*. *Act I. sc. ii.* Falstaff in London.

Day 2*a*. *Act II. sc. i.* Falstaff's arrest. The King and Prince Hal arrive from Wales.

Act II. sc. ii. Prince Hal and Poins.

Act II. sc. iv. Supper at the Boar's Head.]

Day 3. *Act III. sc. i.* Westminster. The King receives uncertain news of the rebellion. This scene must be the morrow of Day 2*a*.

Interval. Falstaff's journey into Gloucestershire.

Day 4. *Act III. sc. ii.* Falstaff takes up recruits.

Interval. Falstaff's journey into Yorkshire to join the army of Prince John.

Day 5. *Act IV. sc. i. to iii.* Yorkshire. Suppression of the rebellion.

Interval. Westmoreland, followed by Prince John, returns to London. Falstaff travels into Gloucestershire.

Day 6. *Act IV. sc. iv. and v.* Westminster. Westmoreland and Prince John arrive at the Court. Mortal sickness of the King.

[Day 3*a*. *Act V. sc. i.* Falstaff arrives at Justice Shallow's.

Act V. sc. iii. Justice Shallow's. Pistol arrives with news of the King's death.]

Day 7. *Act V. sc. ii.* Westminster. Immediately after the King's death; the morrow, I take it, of Day 6.

Interval. Funeral of the late King; preparations for the coronation of the new. Within this interval must be supposed Falstaff's arrival at Justice Shallow's, Pistol's journey from London with news of the King's death, and the return of Falstaff and company to London.

Day 8. *Act V. sc. iv.* Mrs. Quickly and Doll Tearsheet in custody.

Day 9. *Act V. sc. v.* London. Arrival of Falstaff and company. Coronation of Henry V.

I append for the convenience of the reader the dates of the chief historical events dealt with in the play: Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403; suppression of the Archbishop of York's rebellion, 1405; final defeat of Northumberland and Lord Bardolph, 28th Feb., 1408; death of Henry IV., 20th March, 1413; coronation of Henry V., 9th April, 1413; death of Owen Glendower, 20th Sept., 1415."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Rumour: ind. (40). Whole no. 40.

King: iii. 1(80); iv. 4(76), 5(138). Whole no. 294.

Prince Henry: ii. 2(93), 4(37); iv. 5(81); v. 2(70), 5(27). Whole no. 308.

Clarence: iv. 4(13), 5(6); v. 2(4). Whole no. 23.

Lancaster: iv. 2(67), 3(23), 5(1); v. 2(7), 5(11). Whole no. 109.

Gloucester: iv. 4(9), 5(3); v. 2(5). Whole no. 17.

Lord Bardolph: i. 1(40), 3(46). Whole no. 86.

Warwick: iii. 1(31); iv. 4(18), 5(15); v. 2(13). Whole no. 77.

Westmoreland: iv. 1(81), 2(17), 3(1), 4(11). Whole no. 110.

Gower: ii. 1(8). Whole no. 8.

Harcourt: iv. 4(8). Whole no. 8.

Chief Justice: i. 2(63); ii. 1(42); v. 2(50), 5(7). Whole no. 162.

Servant of Chief Justice: i. 2(13). Whole no. 13.

Northumberland: i. 1(87); ii. 3(19). Whole no. 106.

Archbishop: i. 3(33); iv. 1(91), 2(25). Whole no. 149.

Mowbray: i. 3(6); iv. 1(43), 2(7). Whole no. 56.

Hastings: i. 3(28); iv. 1(16), 2(13). Whole no. 57.

Colevile: iv. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

Travers: i. 1(16). Whole no. 16.

Morton: i. 1(78). Whole no. 78.

Falstaff: i. 2(185); ii. 1(57), 4(122); iii. 2(140); iv. 3(108); v. 1(33), 3(36), 5(38). Whole no. 719.

Bardolph: ii. 2(17), 4(11); iii. 2(22); iv. 3(1); v. 1(1), 3(5). Whole no. 57.

Pistol: ii. 4(38); v. 3(28), 5(15). Whole no. 81.

Poins: ii. 2(70), 4(12). Whole no. 82.

Peto: ii. 4(6). Whole no. 6.
Shallow: iii. 2(136); v. 1(36), 3(38), 5(13). Whole no. 223.
Silence: iii. 2(16); v. 3(31). Whole no. 47.
Davy: v. 1(28), 3(11). Whole no. 39.
Mouldy: iii. 2(13). Whole no. 13.
Shadow: iii. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
Wart: iii. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
Feeble: iii. 2(13). Whole no. 13.
Bullcalf: iii. 2(14). Whole no. 14.
Fang: ii. 1(10). Whole no. 10.
Snare: ii. 1(8). Whole no. 8.
1*st Beadle:* v. 4(11). Whole no. 11.
1*st Groom:* v. 5(3). Whole no. 3.
2*d Groom:* v. 5(1). Whole no. 1.
Page: i. 2(17); ii. 2(16), 4(2). Whole no. 35.
Porter: i. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
1*st Drawer:* ii. 4(12). Whole no. 12.
2*d Drawer:* ii. 4(13). Whole no. 13.
Messenger: iv. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Dancer: epil. (37).
Lady Northumberland: ii. 3(5). Whole no. 5.
Lady Percy: ii. 3(46). Whole no. 46.
Hostess: ii. 1(89), 4(90); v. 4(10). Whole no. 189.
Doll Tearsheet: ii. 4(79); v. 4(14). Whole no. 93.

Surrey is on the stage in iii. 1, and *Blunt* in iv. 3, but they do not speak.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: ind. (40); i. 1(215), 2(278), 3(110); ii. 1(209), 2(196), 3(68), 4(421); iii. 1(108), 2(358); iv. 1(228), 2(123), 3(142) 4(132), 5(241); v. 1(98), 2(145), 3(147), 4(35), 5(115); epil. (37). Whole no. in the play, 3446.

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DATE DUE

AUG 9 1982			
AUG 6			
OCT 15 1982			
AUG 15 RECD			
FEB 8 1983			
JAN 26 RECD			
DEC 1 1983			
NOV 3 0 RECD			
MAR 2 1984			
MAR 1			
MAY 3 1988			
APR 2 3 1988			
SEP 25 1991			
SEP 2 5 1991			

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